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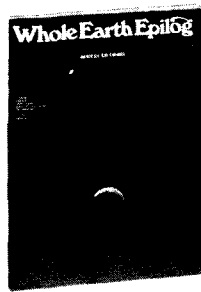
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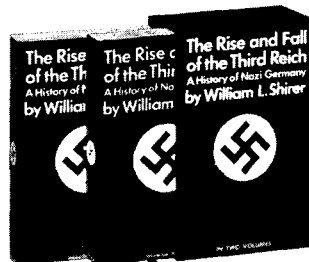
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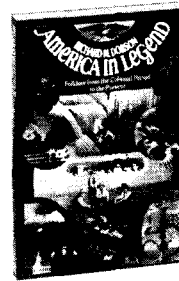
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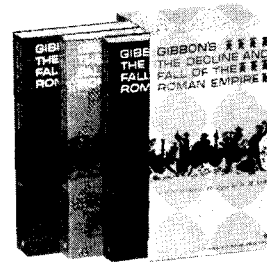
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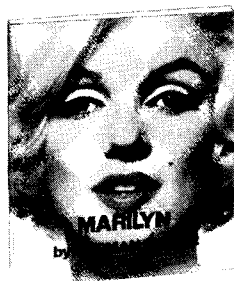
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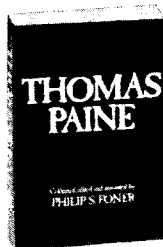
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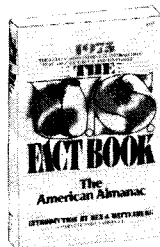
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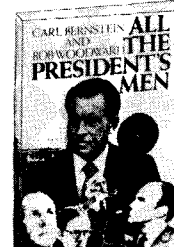


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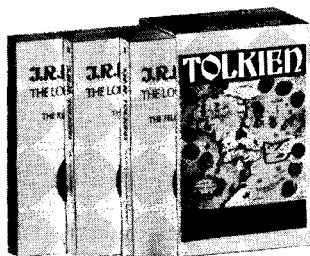
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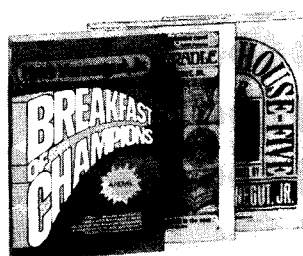
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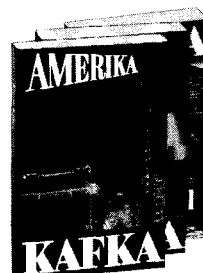
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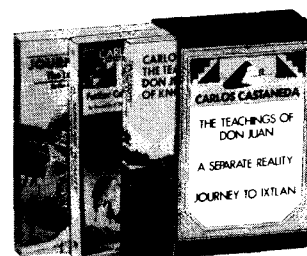
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Letters

What Reagan Did

Nothing could have been more timely than Charles D. Hobb's article, "How Ronald Reagan Governed California" [Jan. 17]. As Reagan leaves office, there have been myriad newspaper articles saying: well, Ronald Reagan didn't do that much. And casual acquaintances, who know that I come from California, sidle up to me in the supermarket and say: Reagan sounds like quite a guy. But tell me, just what did he do? Up to now I've had trouble answering precisely; and so I'm very grateful to you for explaining what he attempted, where he succeeded, and where he failed, and why.

Whether or not Reagan runs for President, conservatives everywhere must understand the problems they will face in attempting reform of welfare and taxes.

Albany, N.Y.

ELIZABETH BARNET

Id/Yid

In his review of Lenny ["Lenny and Bruce," Dec. 20], M. J. Sobran Jr.—a writer both solid and lively—attributes to John Murray Cuddihy the idea that "Id" is a Freudian pun on 'Yid.' Indeed, Cuddihy, in his eccentric, delightful, and wrongheaded *The Ordeal of Civility*, verges on saying so—often enough to seduce Sobran into believing that he did. But Freud never used "Id." The Latin word was used to translate Freud's "Es"—in German the third person singular (neuter). The pun, if there was one, must be debited to Sobran-Cuddihy, not Freud, though it may be a Freudian slip (theirs).
New York, N.Y. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Right, Left, Neither

Concerning "The Alternatives to Democracy" [Oct. 25]: James Burnham contrasts two types of dictatorship, "authoritarian" (limited to the political sphere) and "totalist" or totalitarian (encompassing all aspects of life). He may be correct when he asserts that, among dictatorships, the "banana republic" type interferes the least with personal freedom.

Unfortunately such regimes also fail to confront the economic problems of their countries. Typically they have as their main goal to preserve a certain social and moral order. To make the point in con-

crete terms: a friend told me recently that she would rather live in a society like Spain than in one like Sweden. So, presumably, would the dictator of Spain—which is one reason why Spain remains poor. (Of course one can argue that the people in Communist states such as Russia are economically no better off than the people in Spain. This may be true—but that comparison does not impress the people in poor countries.)

As concerns the United States: our penchant for supporting right wing dictatorships is almost certainly going to hurt us in the long run. The effect of our meddling in poor countries is to freeze out the political Center, and to ensure that the revolution, when it comes, will be Communist. This has already happened several times (and the warning has been repeated again and again), but we never seem to get the message.

Minneapolis, Minn.

J. IAN RICHARDS

For an elaboration of Mr. Burnham's thesis, see his January 17 column, "Distinctions within Distinctions." —ED.

Decline and Fall

My thanks for the excellent article by Hal Colebatch, "Whitlam's Demonology" [Nov. 8]. Being an instant expert because of a recent two-week visit to 'Strilia, I found his article accurate, written with scholarly restraint, and already a bit outdated. The downhill slide is going too fast to chronicle.

I would have enjoyed my trip much more had I not been able to read the papers and understand the language. The unions seem to have complete control of the government and, through that, of business. The Prices Justification Board is quite willing to grant necessary price increases, provided they follow a handsome increase in wages.

Some union closes down the port of Sydney almost every week. Once it was the clerk's union, objecting to the arrival of a shipload of Japanese cars. By beautiful coincidence, the Japanese prime minister arrived the following week, and the 'Strilian government was anxious to work

(Continues on page 122)

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THE RUSSIAN MENACE: CHILD OF F.D.R.

World War II was presented to the American people as a holy war. Unconditional surrender was said to be necessary for lasting peace. Eisenhower wrote of a "crusade" in Europe.

The war was won. Germany was left prostrate, and the Bomb incinerated what was left of Japanese resistance. But as Churchill wrote: "... after all the exertions and sacrifices of hundreds of millions of people and of the victories of the Righteous Cause, we still have not found Peace or Security, and ... we lie in the grip of even worse perils than those we have surmounted."

What went wrong? Benjamin Colby takes a bold look at the Righteous Cause and arrives at disturbing answers. Maintaining popular support throughout World War II involved two necessities, says Mr. Colby: trust in Russia and hatred of Germany. To engender trust in Russia, "the Soviet territorial objectives and political intentions had to be concealed. This was the central and all-pervading deception during the period of actual war. It was accompanied by an unremitting effort to whitewash the Soviet record and create a new Soviet image."

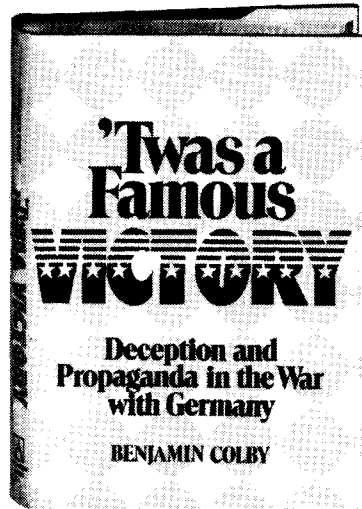
The other necessity was met more easily; even before 1939 Hitler's regime had become odious. But U.S. government propaganda used the German people for its target, not just the Nazi regime, and thus justified Allied atrocities like the mass bombing of civilians. Colby presents shocking evidence that the Allies initiated the bombing of civilians as strategic policy; worse, that Churchill purposely goaded Hitler into bombing London. American cities remained intact throughout the war, says Colby, "but whether the people themselves escaped psychologically unscathed is a disturbing question. Wrapped in the belief of its own righteousness and the myth that Germany started the bombing of cities, America has appeared to have few qualms about the wholesale air war conducted against German civilian populations."

Mr. Colby unfolds the propaganda prelude to war ... the secret war in the Atlantic ... the great Atlantic Charter deception ... the tight lid on Russian war aims ... the coverups of Soviet atrocities ... the secrecy surrounding Teheran ... the lies about Yalta. He reveals the role of Hollywood and the Writers War Board in creating hatred of Germans and enthusiasm for our alliance with Communists.

The deceptions began, the author shows, when the American people were told that their survival—or at least England's—depended on U.S. entry into the war. He marshals impressive evidence, however, that "whatever Hitler's ambitions, conquering Britain was not one of them, much less attacking the United States. That the nation could be

brought to war by belief in such an imaginary peril is testimony of the war-making powers of the President, who can not only create propaganda for war but, more important, create situations which make war inevitable."

'Twas a Famous Victory is revisionism that raises questions long overdue. Explosive in its implications, it packs sobering lessons for a new generation of Americans—and for some of their parents.



THE FALSEHOODS EMPLOYED TO WIN THE WAR: THEY LOST THE PEACE

- FDR preaches neutrality, but Harry the Hop tells Churchill we'll fight
- The Atlantic Charter as official screen for hiding Soviet aims
- FDR asks Soviet ambassador for help in whitewashing the Communist persecution of religion
- FDR's friends admit he lied us into war
- All the news that fits the tint: how the *New York Times*, *Time*, and most of the press treated the Katyn massacre
- Hollywood's Red clique
- FDR scores critics of aid to Russia as "bogus patriots ... noisy traitors—betrayers of America, betrayers of Christianity itself—would-be dictators"
- White House protection of Communists in key posts
- Churchill continues to urge the bomb-

ing of civilian populations removed from military targets. His relative silence on the subject after the war

- Rex Stout and his Writers War Board: "We Shall Hate or We Shall Fail." Why hatred of all Germans was necessary to the FDR administration
- The tragic toll of Unconditional Surrender
- Henry Wallace hails the Soviets for their "ethnic democracy"
- Stalin refuses to acknowledge U.S. Lend-Lease
- Sir Robert Vansittart: England's fount of hate. His disciples in America
- American scientist suggests that German stock be diluted by "outbreeding." Joseph Pulitzer calls for the execution of 1.5 million Germans
- Soviet atrocities: the great coverup
- Allies refuse to support the anti-Hitler underground
- Luce an anti-Communist? *Life's* special 116-page edition—devoted entirely to gilding the Soviets
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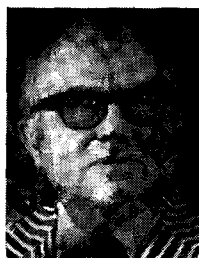
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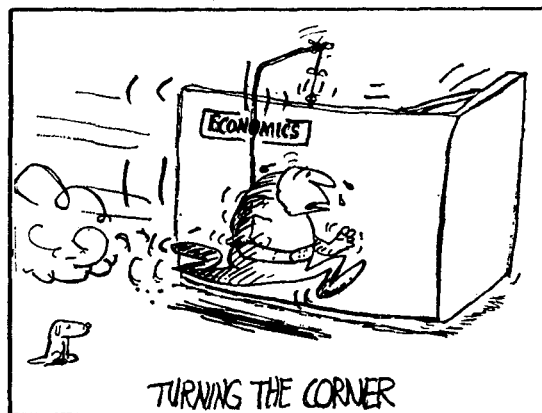
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FOR THE RECORD

■ What was the reaction of GOP conservatives to President Ford's fireside chat last Monday? "Cool," said the *Washington Post*, which tried but failed to elicit opinions on the tax cut and energy proposals from either **Barry Goldwater** or **Ronald Reagan**. . . . New York conservative Rep. **Jack Kemp** favors the proposed \$16-billion tax cut provided Congress pitches in and makes up the deficit by slashing the budget an equal amount. . . . The pros are saying that Sen. **Edward Kennedy** and Congressman **James Corman** (D., Calif.) will still go ahead and introduce their labor-backed cradle to grave national insurance bill but that national insurance is dead, for '75 at any rate. President Ford has threatened to veto any new spending program enacted by Congress in '75 and the cost of the various programs under study ranges from a low of \$5 billion in '75 to a high of \$24.5 billion. . . . How bad will the Democratic class of '74 be in the House? *The Democratic Review* (the new Democratic Party magazine) has set its computers to spinning and reports that the outgoing Democrats (those who lost or retired this year) had an ADA "liberalism" rating of 24 per cent; the incoming freshmen—from past performance and pronouncements—would have the equivalent of a 60 per cent liberalism rating. . . . Sobering thought: nearly half of the 291 Democrats in the new House will have arrived in Washington since 1970. . . . Less sobering thought: the economic slowdown may slow the expected attacks on defense spending by radical legislators. For instance, two congressmen now lobbying energetically for a new fighter aircraft contract for Northrop, which has plants in Massachusetts, are Massachusetts peaceniks **Michael Harrington** and Father **Robert Drinan**. . . . In the Senate, it's believed that



Petty, *The Australian*

Rothco

Lowell Weicker's slashing attack on conservative **Carl Curtis** resulted in swinging a number of votes from **Javits** to **Curtis** in the fight for Republican Conference Chairman. **Curtis** won it 23 to 14. . . . Bright spot for Republicans. In the first by-election of the new year, Republican **Henson Moore** beat out liberal Democratic sportscaster **Jeff LaCaze** in Louisiana's 6th CD. . . . As the 94th Congress set up house, **Lou Harris** reported this ideological breakdown among Americans: middle of the road, 43 per cent; conservatives, 30 per cent; liberals, 15 per cent; radicals, 3 per cent; not sure, 9 per cent.

■ Now it's Sen. **Frank Church** (D., Idaho) who's thinking of entering the crowded, and getting more so, '76 presidential race. "This is going to be a dark horse race," says **Church**, and while only 24 per cent of the people can identify him now, according to a recent poll still fewer can identify Rep. **Morris Udall** (Ariz.) and former Gov. **Jimmy Carter** (Ga.), who are already in the race, and Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** (Tex.), who soon will be. . . . **George McGovern** is saying he's not interested at all, at all, but still he's just brought on his staff **Alan Baron**, an in-guy in the Democratic Party hierarchy, and a supporter of the quota system for Demo-

cratic conventions. **Baron** will be **McGovern's** press secretary. . . . **Hubert Humphrey** says he is going to sign affidavits of noncandidacy to keep his name out of presidential primaries—he's been that route so often before. However, "If the party should turn to me at national convention time, that's a different matter." . . . In the jockeying to the left Rep. **Morris Udall** could make it ideologically, but, say **Evans & Novak**, he is "insufficiently solemn for the liberal ideologues in the party."

Former Sen. **Eugene McCarthy**, who will run as an independent, seemed to be challenging **Henry Kissinger** rather than **Gerald Ford**, accusing **Kissinger** of mistakes in Vietnam and of unrealistic Middle Eastern policies.

■ On not selling the UN short. Two months after the **General Assembly** voted to hear from **Yasir Arafat**, the Palestine Liberation Organization had 1) set up an office in Moscow, 2) established formal diplomatic relations with India, 3) was negotiating same with France, and 4) was close to getting a recognition bid from *South Korea*. The semi-official *Korean Herald* says President **Park** hopes by such a move to enlist support from the Arab-dominated Third World at the United Nations. . . . Meanwhile in New York City, the *Post* reported that in the three months of the General Assembly session, UN diplomats ran up 31,000 parking violations. **Russia** led the list (3,609 violations between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1), **Mexico** had the least—51—and 256 violations were chalked up to "UN Secretary" (surely the Secretariat).

■ Finders keepers? The lost and found department in **Ulm, Germany** reports that among the things turned in in 1974 was one (1) season pass to a local brothel.

The odds against anyone writing an interesting, still less an amusing, book about the United Nations are very heavy. This increasingly ridiculous institution lumbers on, producing vast quantities of words, written and spoken, and is only not an object of universal derision because most people, wisely, just take no account of it at all. Nonetheless, *William F. Buckley Jr. has pulled it off; his United Nations Journal* is both enlightening as an account of how the U.N. works, and a pleasure to read. Of course, he started with an intrinsically funny situation, viz. his own appointment to the seat sanctified by Eleanor Roosevelt, adorned by Marietta Tree, and graced, or if you like embellished, by Daniel Patrick Moynihan—the U.S. representative on the Human Rights Committee. Could any succession to these worthies seem less appropriate than Buckley? Has anyone ever been a more bizarre champion of human rights, which anyway, as Buckley would be the first to agree, don't exist, and if they did could not possibly be sustained by the U.N., a majority of whose members flagrantly disregard all rights, human and other, and not a single one of whom could with hand on heart claim to observe them as stated in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights adopted and proclaimed by the

General Assembly on December 10, 1948.

Buckley obligingly provides the text of the Universal Declaration, and as one reads through its thirty articles the thought of, for instance, the Soviet government and its satellites adhering to it seems, according to one's mood, either hilariously funny or a source of wonder that fire from heaven did not come down and strike Mr. Molotov dead as he appended his signature. Buckley just lets the Declaration and the proceedings speak for themselves. Early on he concluded that at the U.N., "Form becomes Substance, and to seek not to give offense is not to give offense" (his italics). Thus he was able up to a point to participate, and, at the same time, to observe what was going on with suitable disenchantment and detachment; rather as Gulliver did the affairs of the flying island of Laputa on his third voyage. In a sane world Buckley's book would be required reading for students of international affairs, journalists, politicians and diplomats. The world, however, as is increasingly apparent, is not sane, so that works of violent partisanship one way or the other will continue to be preferred to this accomplished appraisal of one of the twentieth century's major follies.

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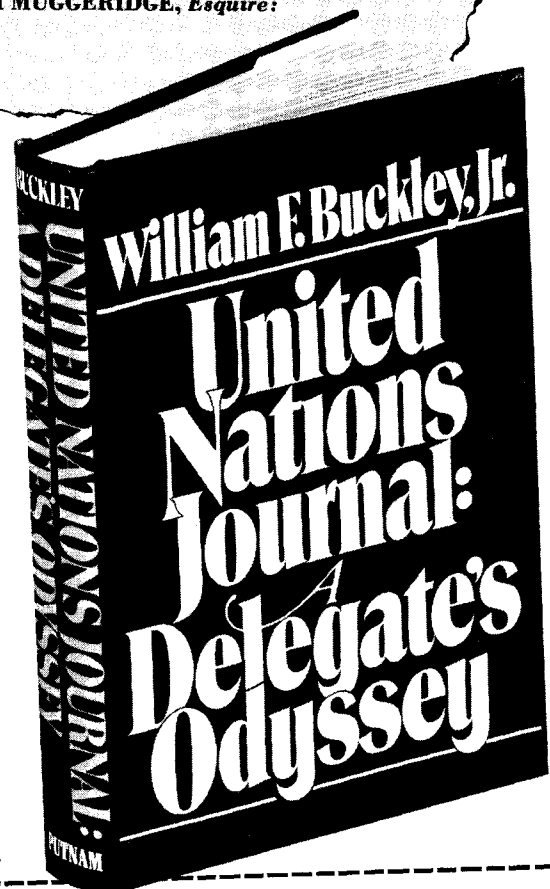
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THE WEEK

■ President Ford proposes to cut income taxes \$16 billion. *NR* stays, and raises him \$16 billion.

■ New York (the state) is merely desperately broke, and claims it can patch up its finances with a 125 per cent hike in gasoline taxes. However, New York (the city), according to financial analyst David Breen, is completely bankrupt and may have to face financial reorganization under federal flee-your-creditors laws. Mayor Beame denies this. But even the Mayor cannot shrug off another mortal danger to New York (the city), namely, that it has only a few years' supply of cemetery plots left and must soon face the decision of rerouting funeral processions to the Catskills (impossible under present traffic conditions), having burials at sea (reserved for umpty-million tons of garbage), or moving the city. Relocating seems the only realistic answer. Anybody know a site for a used metropolis?

■ Judge John Sirica showed a good deal of courage as well as common sense in freeing three of the Watergate figures, John Dean, Herbert Kalmbach, and Jeb Magruder. Courage, because liberal rhetoric has been depicting Watergate as the worst scandal in the history of the Presidency, the crime of the century, a sequence of deeds that virtually undermined the foundations of the nation. What actually occurred was an attempt to bug Larry O'Brien's office, and an ill-conceived attempt to cover it up. Richard Nixon dug his own political grave, with the enthusiastic cooperation of the media, when he told an elaborate series of lies to the nation on network TV. If Watergate really was the crime of the century, the tardily penitent Dean, Magruder, and Kalmbach should not have been released. By releasing them, Judge Sirica puts the assorted crimes in perspective—but don't expect any cooling of the rhetoric of Anthony Lewis, Tom Wicker, et al. Common sense, by the way, would also suggest light or even suspended sentences for Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Mardian. Perhaps Judge Sirica will rise to the occasion.

■ The House Internal Security Committee is now, for all intents and purposes, extinct. The liberals, whose purpose it has been for years and years to do it in, can hardly take much satisfaction. How can you kill something already dead? What they hanged, the other day at the Democratic caucus, was a corpse. The House Committee on Un-American Activities, which is what the HISC used to be called, did some very important work during three decades. It became sleepy under the leader-

ship of Representative Ichord. Though to be fair, so did the country: and you can't do much about the internal security of a country that doesn't care all that much about its internal security. Still, it might have exercised a little more imagination than it did, looking into, for instance, the strange absence of effective legislation to prevent CIA ratfinks from betraying what they were given as secret, on behalf of a country that trusted them. You can go to jail now if you worked for Internal Revenue and spill some of its secrets; ditto, the Bureau of the Census. But give away the darkest secrets, and you don't go to Sing Sing to fry like the Rosenbergs, but to Hollywood to share the dais with Ellsberg. Something missing there, but HISC would probably not have discovered it anyway. Meanwhile, its counterpart in the Senate, under Senator Eastland, does a worthwhile job.

■ On January 1 Communist troops attacked and captured the Cambodian town of Ang Snuol. After two days of heavy fighting, government forces ousted the Communists and regained control of the town. Found among the ruins were the bodies of 52 civilians, including ten children. Examination of the bodies disclosed that they had been shot or bayoneted. Ang Snuol lies near Phnompenh, and the Communist massacre serves as a chilling warning to residents of the Cambodian capital. And judging from the reaction of the American press, the Communists can give such warnings without fear of international repercussions. To our knowledge the massacre has been reported in only one paper, the *Christian Science Monitor*. A few years ago a Pulitzer Prize was awarded for the uncovering of the My Lai massacre. Of course, there is a crucial distinction between My Lai and Ang Snuol.

■ Italy's Communist Party is the largest in the non-Communist world. It runs the local government of hundreds of towns, including such sizable cities as Bologna and Florence, and of three of the twenty regions into which Italy is administratively divided. With a fourth of the votes, the Communists run second in national elections. They have large delegations in both houses of the Assembly. Nevertheless, the Christian Democratic Party, which, with the highest number of Assembly seats

Ford Proposes

Greenspan warns, "Be frugal."
Heller trumpets, "Spend!"
Simon says big deficits
Can lead but to the end.
Galbraith, being Galbraith,
Wears a dollar grin.
We don't need a Ouija board
To see which side will win.

W. H. VON DREELE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Having scrambled up to Concord, New Hampshire, former Oklahoma Senator (he was not beaten in 1970 because he had the good sense to take a poll . . . and discovered that he would be demolished in any reelection effort) Fred Harris scrambled out on a limb: he is running for President because he is for "the people." Throwing caution to the wind, he came out foursquare against higher utility rates for New Hampshire.

Meanwhile, former Senator Eugene McCarthy (who, like Harris, decided not to run for reelection in 1970; he decided for reasons similar to those that moved Harris) announced that he, too, would run for President in 1976, this time as an independent. Did he make his announcement in New Hampshire? Nooooo. He made the announcement in an offhand remark at a press conference in Columbus, Ohio, where he was attending the Episcopal Church Conference of the Diocese of Southern Ohio. He said that the Democrats are in such disarray that the Democratic nominee, whoever he is, "won't be standing for anything very much."

■ He's just a simple country boy from Everett, Washington, but he raised \$1.1 million in 1974 for his upcoming presidential campaign. That makes Senator Henry Jackson the leader in the "early money" sweepstakes. The new campaign finance law that went into effect on January 1 strictly limits large contributions, and will seriously handicap candidates who have not already made a major fundraising effort.

■ Here it comes, the 94th Congress, the finest Congress money can buy. Labor money, to be precise. About \$2 million from the AFL-CIO Committee

on Political Education, to be even more precise. To be exact, \$1,970,570.40, up from \$1,024,960 in 1970, the last off-year election. COPE backed 97 candidates for the Senate and the House of Representatives, and 93 of them were Democrats. The four Republicans were Senators Jacob Javits of New York and Charles Mathias of Maryland, and Representatives Margaret Heckler of Massachusetts and Gilbert Gude of Maryland. . . . In the final days of the last session Congress passed and President Ford signed a bill that will allow heavier trucks to use the interstate highway system. The law increases permissible gross weight from 73,200 to 80,000 pounds. The Senate passed the bill in September, but the House waited until after the election. The trucking lobby made campaign contributions to 117 members of the House this year.

■ The Americans for Democratic Action, the keeper of liberal orthodoxy, has spoken: only three senators are perfect. Philip Hart of Michigan, Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, and Edmund Muskie of Maine received perfect (100) scores for their voting records in the second session of the 93rd Congress. The Democratic senators had an average rating of 60, down two points from last year; Republicans rated 31 per cent, an increase of five points toward liberal perfection. Other Democrats who did well in the eyes of the ADA: James Abourezk of South Dakota and William Hathaway of Maine, 95; Dick Clark of Iowa, Alan Cranston of California, Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio, Walter Mondale of Minnesota, and Harrison Williams of New Jersey, 90. John Stennis of Mississippi got the lowest score among Democrats—5 per cent. Nine Republicans flunked altogether, getting zero scores: James Buckley of New York, Norris Cotton of New Hamp-

shire, Carl Curtis and Roman Hruska of Nebraska (Give me an "N," give me an "e," give me a . . .), Paul Fannin of Arizona, Edward Gurney of Florida, Clifford Hansen of Wyoming, James McClure of Idaho, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina.

■ Three headlines of the week. The *New York Times* considered this front page news: "Energy Savings Here Tied to Higher Costs." The story reported that higher energy prices have resulted in lower energy use. The *Washington Post* revealed: "AF to Spare Whooping Cranes." The AF has been using an island for bombing practice; the island used to be a home for cranes; the bombing has made the cranes restive; the AF will cut it out. And the *Washington Post* put this headline on a story describing the fighter plane that we have been selling to various nations (most recently Saudi Arabia): "The F-5: A Simple Plane." It costs \$2.7 million.

■ Another historic first: in November the number of people receiving food stamps hit a record high—15.4 million. A four-person family with a monthly income not in excess of \$513 can buy \$154 worth of food stamps each month. Food stamps cost the government \$200 million in 1969. They cost the government twenty times that much—\$4 billion—in 1974. They will cost the government over \$8 billion by 1980.

■ Helluva way to run a railroad? Yep. The American way? Yep. The Ford Administration is sending "emergency" legislation to Congress, asking for \$250 million to keep the ghastly northeastern railroads running—so to speak—this spring. Next, we will have the "emergency" summer subsidy; followed by the "emergency" winter subsidy; followed by . . . —CATO

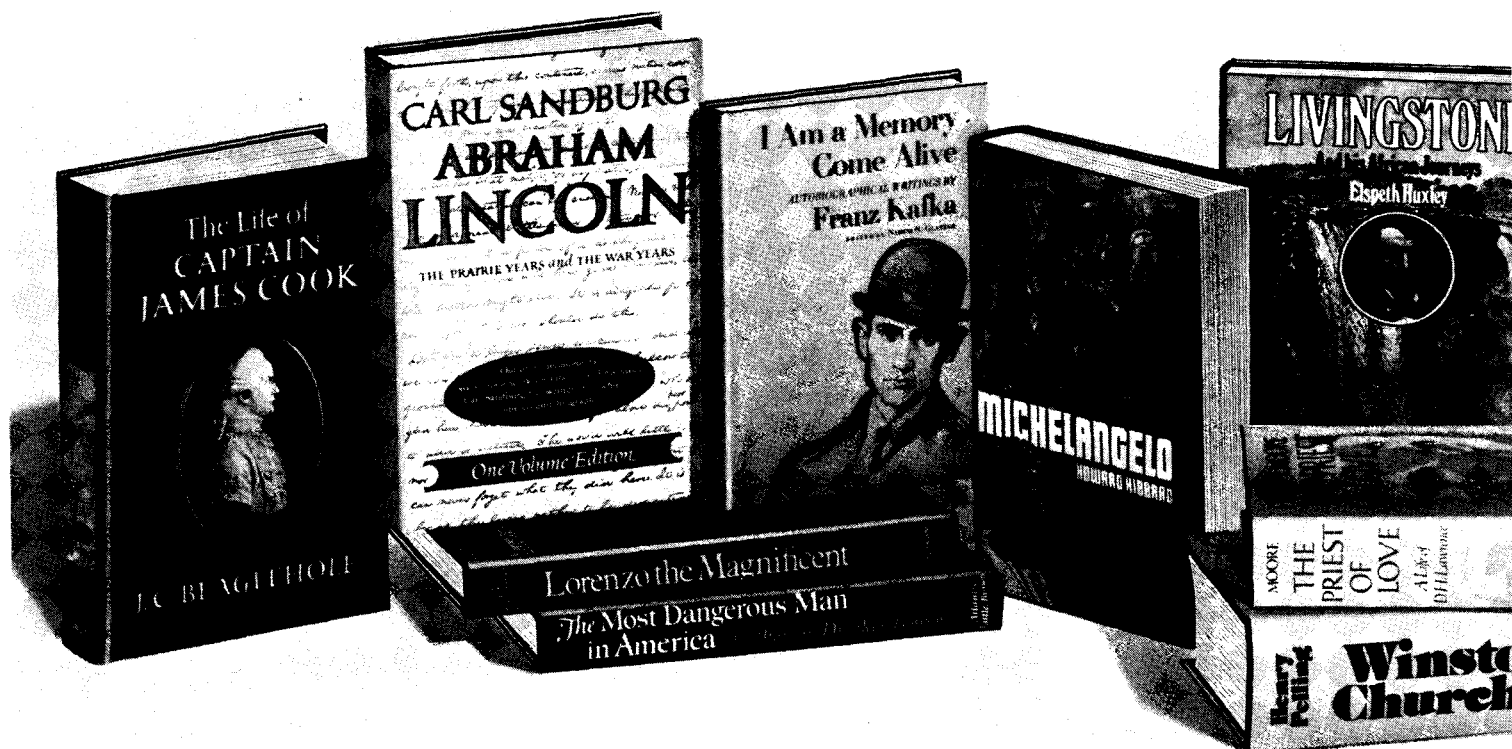
(though less than a majority), has headed all three dozen Italian governments since the war, has blocked Communist participation in the governmental coalitions. Last summer, after a careful review of "the Allende experiment," the Italian Communists began a systematic campaign, based primarily on appeals to the left wing Christian Democrats, to ease their way into the national government. This campaign recently won its first major victory in Venice, where the local administration, run by the Christian Democrats, has agreed to consult with the Communist members of the city council on all important proposals—thus giving the Communists a formal

participating role in the Venetian government. Communist initiative was responsible for the Venetian deal, and the Party believes it is a significant step toward similar participation in the national government, followed by formal entry.

■ Jane Alpert ["The Week," Dec. 6] has been copiously interviewed since her return from "underground." Actually, she spent her four years in hiding mostly among ordinary folks, who knew her by an assumed name and had no idea that she had been convicted with other radicals in a bombing conspiracy; nearly two of those

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years were spent as a secretary in a Colorado Jewish girls' school. It appears that her experience of Middle America has left her composed, rational, and oddly reconciled with the society she would still like to turn inside out (but nonviolently this time). "I feel badly, very badly, about the people that were injured by our bombs, and it will always be on my conscience. . . . Thank God none of the injuries were serious." She made no complaint when a New York judge sentenced her to 27 months in prison—18 for helping the bombers, nine for jumping bail after her original conviction in 1970.

■ **CULTURAL NOTES.** Marlon Brando, a thing of rare beauty in a blue velvet jacket and an Indian-style necklace, recently hosted a \$100-a-plate dinner for the benefit of the American Indian. Entrance requirements were stiff, however, and a few of the guests didn't get past the guards at the doors of New York's Waldorf-Astoria. Sacheen Littlefeather, the Indian maiden who rejected Brando's Oscar for him, didn't even get to the door. She said the dinner's sponsors didn't seem very anxious that she attend. They asked her: "Isn't it true you're only half Indian?"

■ Happy, so happy, to report that the IRS has lost its suit for back taxes against the estate of Earl E. Klotz of Milwaukee. Shortly before he died of cancer two years ago, Mr. Klotz received a tax bill of \$1,253. He did not pay it, electing to spend his money on medical care in the fight for his life. In finding against the IRS, Judge Michael Sullivan said, "I think if a person was dying of cancer, I couldn't fault him for buying medicine rather than paying income taxes."

■ A Hard Times revival may be the next national fashion, according to our pals at the *Financial Book Digest*, who cite such convincing indicators as falling hemlines, rising bank robberies, Democrats, dark stodgy clothing, home vegetable gardening and canning, Will Rogers nostalgia, and Mah-Jongg.

■ Registering a birth used to be an easy matter in Canada, but the federal government's Statistics Canada has added to the complications of childbirth recently with a form that asks a multitude of questions, ranging from length of the baby to length of the pregnancy. A new mother in Ontario tried her best to answer all the questions, but had to leave some blank. Back from the bureaucracy came the uncompleted form, with stern demand that it be answered in full. As she tried again, she discovered that several of her answers had been "corrected" by Ottawa, including the length of her confinement, which was reduced from her reported 43 weeks to a nice, standard 41 weeks.

■ The "unindicted co-conspirator" bit is getting out of hand. Latest to be named a UCC is the late Illinois Secretary of State Paul Powell, in a bribery case. Powell, you recall, was revealed after his death in 1970 to be an inflation fighter par excellence, the WIN man of the

decade, for removing from circulation hundreds of thousands of dollars of overissued U.S. currency, and stashing it away in shoe boxes. Great men are never understood in their own time.

■ The Senate Nutrition Committee (chew on that for a moment: what does the Constitution have to say about nutrition? What do senators know about nutrition anyway?) says hearings are needed (uh-huh, another investigation) to find possible "anticompetitive activity" in the nutrition game. Is it going to investigate wage-price controls? Crop subsidies? Land retirement programs? Federal surplus food purchases? Tax-supported meals in the Senate cafeteria? Not a chance. It is going to look into rising grain prices (hint: we're being gouged by middlemen and profiteers) and it wants to prohibit farming by companies with more than \$3 million in assets. Stand by for national starvation.

■ Perhaps we can buy food in poor agricultural countries like Uganda, where fair trade must flourish or else. General Amin has announced that businessmen who overcharge for, hoard, or smuggle essential commodities will be shot.

The Tax Cuts

We start from a situation in which no conceivable set of economic maneuvers would be at once 1) effective against both inflation and recession, 2) capable of being implemented with sufficient speed, 3) equitable, and 4) politically feasible. Given that, the Administration's proposals are not without merit. The rebate on last year's taxes provides quick relief for pinched consumers, though it does not by itself improve the incentive to work and invest, since it deals with last year's earnings. A cut in the corporate tax rate, if it can actually pass this Congress, would soon pay for itself by generating new activity and thus raising the corporations' taxable income. Decontrol of the prices of natural gas and domestic crude oil is probably worth the political price of an excess profits tax. Boosting the investment tax credit might help capital-intensive industries, notably utilities, though it is doubtful that long range plans will be changed much by a one-year tax break, and a tax credit for buying new machines provides no incentive to put idle men and older machines back into use. With this, and a few other proposals, the central difficulty is the Keynesian assumption that demand creates its own supply. The emphasis is on "purchasing power" rather than on incentives to produce.

The Democratic response muddled the key issue of how best to stimulate production by introducing all sorts of extraneous proposals, such as shifting more income to nonproducers, and squeezing more revenue out of the few remaining stockholders. Such complications could only delay the implementation of a tax cut, and dilute its impact.

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The Democrats argue that a plan confining tax rebates to lower income groups would be more stimulative, because there would then be less risk that the money would be saved rather than spent. The assumption is that money deposited in a savings and loan association, or used to buy stocks, bonds, and government securities, is simply lost to the economy. Actually, personal saving is the most promising source of non-inflationary finance for mortgages, auto loans, business borrowing, and debt issued by federal, state, and local governments. Again, the emphasis on spending is misplaced, particularly since the poor are not the best customers for new houses and new cars. Personal consumption spending rose by 15.7 per cent in the third quarter of last year, while private investment declined by 10.9 per cent. Expanding consumption won't provide the productive capacity to match it so long as working and investing remain, for many people, less attractive than the alternative.

A second objection is that the tax cuts will add to the already horrendous deficits, generating more inflation and draining lendable funds from private uses to government securities. The President's position, on this view, is rather weak on spending cutbacks and curiously silent about monetary policy. If the tax cuts really do stimulate production, that may increase taxable incomes and reduce relief expenditures enough to make the deficit less than expected. If the tax cuts are designed instead as a transfer to this year's nonproducers from next year's producers—the government replacing taxes with borrowing in order to redistribute purchasing power—there may be little lasting effect on production. People would then have to work harder to pay interest on a deficit which is used to finance bureaucratic and charitable activities. If the deficit is financed by rapid money growth, eventually sparking another wave of inflation, then people will be pushed back into higher tax brackets, illusory increases in profits and capital gains will again be taxed, and the purpose of the tax cut will be defeated. Any method of financing the deficit—borrowing from the public or printing money—will drive interest rates up and crowd out aspiring private borrowers. This depress-

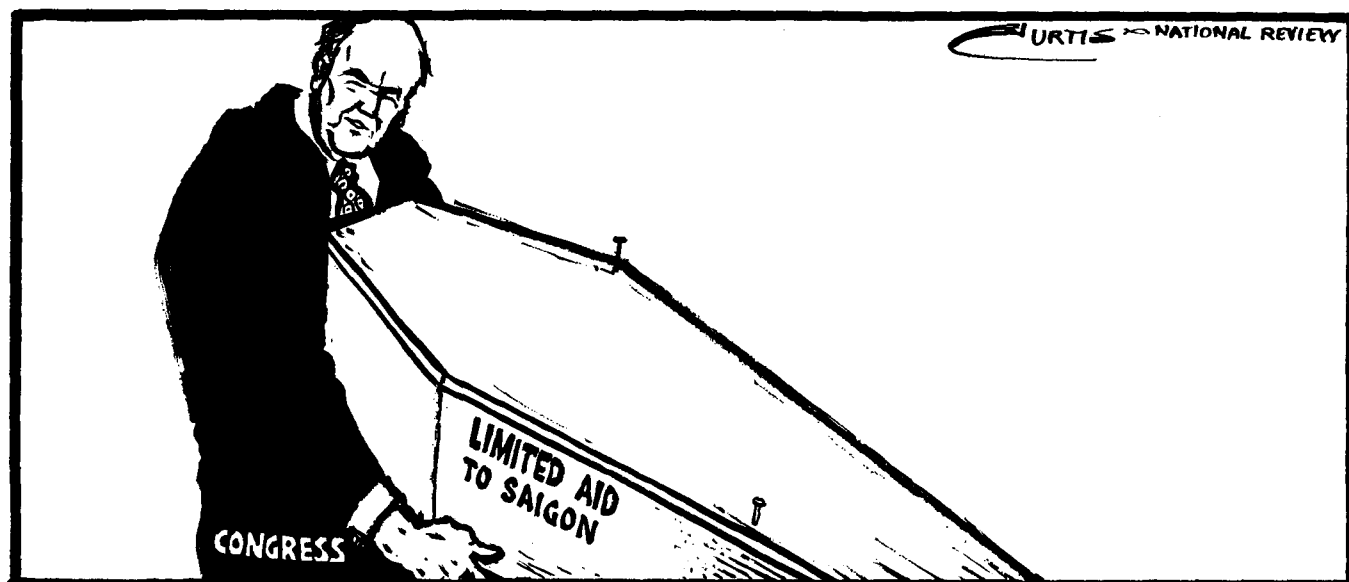
ing effect is somewhat offset by the fact that a tax cut reduces the need for private borrowing by simply allowing people and businesses to keep more of their earnings.

The risk is great that people will grow impatient, not understanding that fiscal and monetary policies take at least a year to have much impact, and that politicians will before then start pushing for still larger deficits and a massive flood of new money. That could only produce a disastrous inflation—conveniently suppressed until after the 1976 elections.

The Energy Package

The Ford energy package is more of a gamble than the tax cuts, both economically and politically. It would be easier to evaluate if the objectives were made clearer. If the intention is to discourage oil imports, then the tariff could very well succeed, but not if, as proposed, an equivalent excise tax were placed on domestic oil. In that case, imported oil and the home grown variety would be made to the same degree less attractive. If the intention is to lower the prices of oil products by raising them, thus putting pressure on the cartel, the probability that the OPEC price would have fallen anyway is greater than the probability that consumers will ever get out from under the excise tax. If the intention is to develop domestic energy sources that are not profitable at even today's cartel price, then the likelihood is that taxpayers are going to get stuck with some costly white elephants. Why develop our most expensive energy sources *first*, when state prorationing and federal regulations and price controls prevent our cheapest fuels (coal, natural gas, and petroleum) from being developed and utilized?

Many of our economic difficulties stem from the impossibility of adjusting quickly to the sudden surge in the relative price of oil. As the OPEC price hike was analogous to an excise tax in its effect, so an excise tax would be analogous to another (albeit smaller) price hike by OPEC. The advantage, of course, is that the resulting revenues are to be put back into the hands of

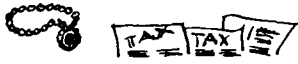


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Americans "as long as the emergency lasts." But this does not mean that such a sudden shock would not tend to stifle economic recovery. It would. Any expected benefits must be weighed against that cost.

Influential ecologists have been advocating zero output growth and massive shrinking of the auto industry. Now that they have exactly what they asked for, the people do not appear appropriately grateful. Any program of sacrifice in the fuel area, coming on top of the many sacrifices already imposed, is likewise not apt to be appreciated by American voters. Considering the precarious state of the economy, imposed austerity in a major resource looks a little like curing anemia by bleeding.

The Eternal Democratic Majority

Remember the Milk Fund Scandal? It nearly became part of a bill of impeachment last year, until the House of Representatives discovered that by an extraordinary coincidence a) many of its own members were beholden to the milk lobby, and that furthermore b) many of them had voted to increase milk subsidies, whereupon c) it quickly became the sense of the House that Richard Nixon was already sufficiently impeachable, and perhaps had already suffered enough, d) the question of his venality vis-a-vis the milk lobby was mercifully waived, and e) congressional attention turned to *high* crimes and misdemeanors.

But the episode seems to have taught the 93rd Congress a great moral lesson, namely that *radix malorum est cupiditas*; for it has bequeathed to the nation the Campaign Reform Act of 1974, which now restricts the amount of money a citizen may contribute to a political candidate and the total amount a candidate may accept and spend in the course of his campaign. Now Senator James Buckley and former Senator Eugene McCarthy, among others, have brought suit to challenge the bill's constitutionality. They argue that it violates their rights of freedom of speech and association, petition for redress of grievances, privacy, and due process of law. We fervently hope they win; and if it achieves nothing else, their suit may help to explode, or at least to subtilize, the Manichean assumption that money controls American politics.

It should be obvious that eliminating large contributions does not equalize candidates for office; it merely magnifies other inequalities. These are of course countless, from obvious ones like personal comeliness to unpredictably potent ones like a young and leisured army of volunteers to lick envelopes and press doorbells free of charge. But, in general, the greatest advantage one candidate may have over another is the simple fact of incumbency. Merely being in office is worth thousands of dollars in free publicity, not to mention such perquisites as a large staff, the franking privilege, and so forth. But of even greater weight, perhaps, is the seldom observed presumption in favor of the man who is already *there*:

One Year Later

Project Independence flopped.

No one's cooking all that shale.

Offshore drilling's nearly stopped.

Solar heat's a sci-fi tale.

Fusion makes progressives squirm.

Coal lies fallow in the ground.

I'd suggest we turn to sperm

If we'd left some whales around.

W. H. VON DREELE

the public's vague but deep sense that the office is not only a trust but a possession, a livelihood, a social rank, not to be revoked but for some fairly serious reason. The nonincumbent, on the other hand, must be urgent in his appeal, yet extremely discreet in everything from his choice of words to his relations, however innocent, with stripteasers. There are many veteran officeholders of modest means whom the combined fortunes of the Hunts, the Rockefellers, J. Paul Getty, and the Beatles would be powerless to unseat.

Then there are the anomalous situations the bill fails to cover. Suppose, in the recent election, a group of New Yorkers had decided that the imperative of defeating Ramsey Clark so outweighed even the normal obligation to boycott Jacob Javits, that they took out a page in the *Times* to say: "Hold Your Nose and Vote for Javits." Under the new bill, the expense of the ad must be charged against the total expenditure permitted Javits; and Javits therefore has the (reasonable) right to refuse this dubious contribution to his cause; so that our citizens are effectively deprived of their right to express their eccentric (but judicious) opinion.

Then too there is the consideration that the big political spenders tend to be Republicans, and that it was a Democratically controlled Congress, not averse to big spending per se, that found the Republican variety worthy of special proscription. The obvious beneficiaries of the bill are the Democratic incumbents of the 94th Congress, the greater part of whom retained or acquired their seats this fall by calling for a restoration of our confidence in the integrity of government.

CIA in Wonderland

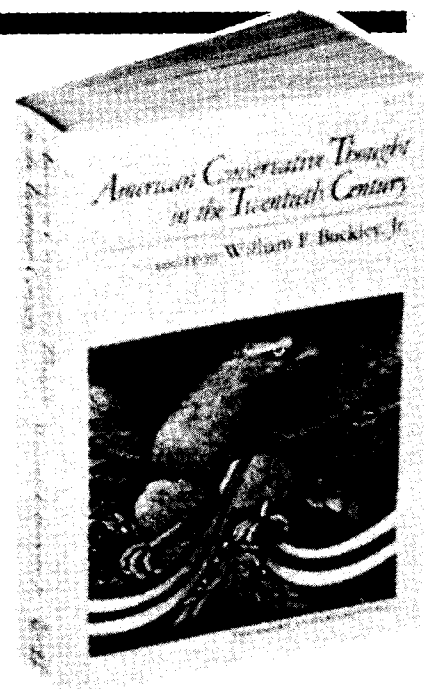
In the beginning God created Terra, and set her spinning through space and time. More recently a mixed crew of demigods has launched a substitute planet, Media, of their own devising. Like those multiple space-time continuums in science fiction, Media and Terra intersect at various nodes, but elsewhere their realities, in spite of superficial similarities, have little in common: cf. the standard Media rerun of the Vietnam reality—as presented, say, in nightly TV broadcasts—or the two versions of a school busing dispute.

The current CIA flap appears to us as a Media epi-

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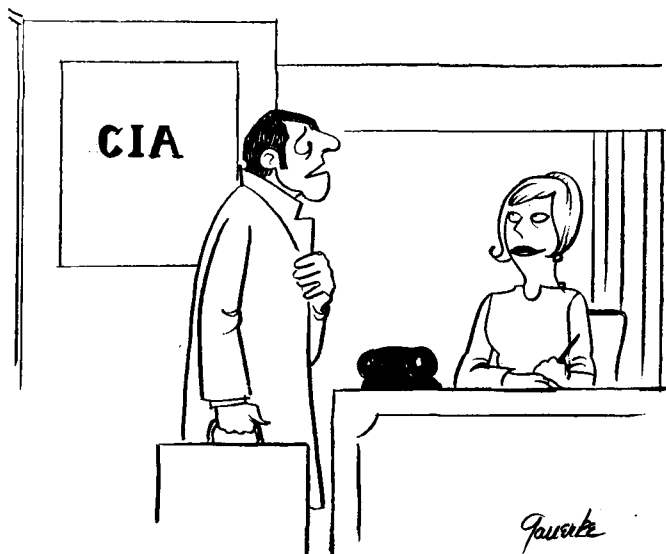
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"My god! I was followed all the way to the office."

sode with only the flimsiest attachments to Terran reality. In appropriate demigod mode, the *New York Times*, burning to get even with the *Washington Post* and *Los Angeles Times* for their Watergate triumphs, created this new CIA turmoil out of next to nothing, and in a trice it reverberated throughout all Mediadom. Never was there a more numerous crop of anonymous sources and anonymous victims. In Media, no less than 10,000 innocents have been practically shoved into the furnace by CIA storm troops. (In Terra, meanwhile, not one single citizen has complained of personal harm or damage from their vile machinations.) In *New York* magazine, Mediagate Tad Szulc poured out 6,000 horror-struck words about what "might" be in "the White House tapes and documents," what the Pentagon may have ordered some time or other, what "one possibility" is according to what "some knowledgeable State Department officials" say, what "is widely known in Washington," and about "the extraordinary combination of a coverup of the CIA's domestic activity . . . with esoteric intrigues within the Agency itself" that, "if this theory is correct, we may be facing."

Interestingly enough, in Szulc's own Media epic there are two brief intrusions from the Terran continuum: "The dividing line between the Agency's foreign and domestic counterintelligence work . . . is completely blurred, particularly since J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI's late director, suspended all counterespionage cooperation with the CIA in 1969. . . . That which CIA officials speaking privately have conceded to be the 'grey area' of operations is the surveillance of American citizens suspected of contacts with foreign intelligence. Although the 1947 National Security Act, which created the CIA, specifically forbids domestic police functions by the Agency, it is argued that such activity is simply an extension of foreign counterintelligence." On the basis of which quotations a sober Terran might conclude: even granted the CIA exceeded its mandate, this would seem to be at least as plausibly attributable to differing inter-

pretations of the laws and regulations, and to practical necessities, as to the criminal desire of protofascist plotters.

President Ford seems to have estimated this fume and fuss at its true value. His Blue Ribbon Commission consists, for the most part, of solid and reasonably well informed types who know what goes on and are able to distinguish real events in Terra from pseudo-events in Media. We may hope and expect that they will gradually anesthetize the frothing patient that the President assigned to their clinic.

We should note, however, that, once it was raised, many persons here and elsewhere joined this hue and cry against the CIA, not to sell newspapers or TV programs nor to correct abuses dangerous to liberty, but to destroy CIA and to make it impossible for the U.S. to maintain any sort of effective counterintelligence and counterespionage function. Ex-agent Philip Agee, the creep whose book, *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, has just been published in Britain, is one of those who do not disguise their objectives. He has named hundreds of CIA agents, collaborators, and cover organizations he says he came to know about on a Latin American assignment, and he states he has done so with the deliberate purpose of blowing their identities and wrecking CIA operations. And this is often the effect of the exposures or alleged exposures (which can be equally damaging) now being made daily by those who insist they have only the patriotic aim of protecting the citizens of the U.S. from police state practices.

You cannot have a confidential agency unless it operates confidentially. Before tossing aside the possibility, it would be well to reflect on some of the things we as persons and as a nation confront at the moment: global and rapidly growing clandestine terrorist organizations; nuclear weapons on land, on and under the sea, and in the air, all immune to direct inspections; international revolutionary and subversive organizations pledged to the destruction of our nation and our society—to name a few not likely to be exorcised by Media editorials.

The Division Won't Go Away

When he announced his conditional clemency program last September, President Ford explained that he hoped the plan would heal the divisiveness caused by the Vietnam War in this country. That, the program could not do, nor could any other program.

From about 1967 on, an increasing number of people came to disapprove of the war because of the way it was being fought—inconclusively, and at exorbitant cost in lives and material—sensing instinctively that the correct way to deal with a small aggressor state like North Vietnam is massively and from a height of 30,000 feet. These people grew disgusted with the war, and ultimately wanted to "get out" of Vietnam; for the most part they approved of Nixon's way of doing it, and they con-

tributed to his 1972 landslide. They were not really part of any national "division" over the war. The bitter division over the war was ideological and present long before 1967, involved far fewer people than ultimately wanted to get out of Vietnam, and generally reflected the ideological division that exists in the nation and indeed in the world. That division reappears over Alende. It reappears over the CIA. It is preposterous to suppose that a conditional clemency program could heal it.

What Ford's program—really three programs—actually accomplished was to do some good for the few thousand individuals who availed themselves of it. Under one program, the Defense Department has ended the fugitive status of 2,898 men who went AWOL and have now turned themselves in. Under another program 175 draft evaders have been relieved from all threat of prosecution in return for 24 months of alternative service. This number might have been larger if the 6,300 names on the Justice Department list had been final; as it stands, a man inquiring about his status risks being added to the list. In addition, many men in the draft-evader category now prefer to take their chances in the courts, which have tended to be lenient. A third program, run by the Clemency Board, deals with men who have already been punished. In return for varying lengths of service, a man can wipe the felony conviction off his record, and 1,200 have considered this worth doing.

The Ford program was thus a limited one, and it has had a limited success. In the months to come, a campaign will be waged to extend unconditional amnesty to war resisters in Canada, Sweden, and underground. But even if unconditional amnesty is eventually granted—a mistake, in our view—that won't heal any division, either.

Republicans Face Right

The notion that Senator Jacob Javits, a New York hyper-liberal, could/should be elected chairman of the Republican Senate Conference seemed to appeal to Lowell Weicker, but it never looked very plausible on the face of it. To be sure, Javits' opponent was not Edmund Burke, but Senator Carl T. Curtis of Nebraska, a conservative of long and honorable service.

The importance of the contest lay in its symbolic, its bellwether, character. The sirens once again were singing amid their fatal rocks, urging the Republican Party to "broaden its base" by liberalizing itself, and to read the 1974 election returns as a liberal mandate. In reality, however, as James Jackson Kilpatrick recently wrote: "The GOP's best hope for survival lies in the opinion polls that find the American people predominantly 'conservative' in their own sense of political identity. . . . In their own everyday lives, they fear excessive debt; they want safe streets, well disciplined schools, competent

public services, freedom from government harassment. They want honest work for honest dollars, and they don't want to be hassled around. The Republicans' problem is to understand these concerns, and to translate them into effective political action. The Republicans have to have an affirmative program—something better than mere naysaying, something more than 'me too.' If such a program is seen as a conservative program, maybe the elephant will get on his feet and recover. If not, the graveyard yawns."

Senator Weicker Stands By the Grand Old Party

"Can we get the foreground down? Cameras have First Amendment rights too." It's the best remark of the evening. Senator Lowell Weicker is about to announce he will not leave the Republican Party to become an independent. Weicker is upstairs in the Town Hall talking to the Greenwich Republican Town Committee. Downstairs the press is crammed into First Selectman (that's Yankee for Mayor) Bill Lewis' office.

It's mobbed. But there's no drama here. Think about it. If you're the Republican senator in a state where the other senator is a Democrat and the governor is a Democrat, you don't call together the local Republican committee that gave you your start 12 years before just to tell them you're leaving their party. Not even if you're Senator Weicker.

He comes downstairs and begins to speak. "Down in front, young lady. I warned you," growls the Constitutional Cameraman. "We've got 16 million viewers." Remarkably, Senator Weicker spares us the politician's usual performance of reading, for the benefit of the cameras, the statement he just read upstairs. A statement with phrases like: "Tonight is a beginning, not a re-hash." Gads. Can't they do any better than that in the Gateway to New England, as Greenwich calls itself? The Senator says he honestly hadn't made up his mind about staying in the party until yesterday, when he was attending the inauguration of Ella Grasso and saw all her fine supporters and knew that there were just as fine a bunch

Say Hello to FICA

Funny little figure
On my paycheck stub,
You keep getting bigger;
That's the bloody rub.
With the rates prevailing
In your taxing role,
Will you still be mailing
When I'm on the dole?

W. H. VON DREELE

of supporters on the other side who deserved a chance, and that, quite frankly, he was their best chance to have a Republican senator elected in 1976. Even though, he says, his polls and talks with people in the state indicated he would do better as an independent than as a Republican.

I wonder. He's pompous. He alienates people. In Greenwich—in Connecticut—in Washington—on TV. "What I think, you'll always know," he assures the press. Republicans "are decent people. They're honest people. But let me tell you something . . ."

Why was he thinking of leaving the party? Watergate, primarily. He believes Republicans continued to support Nixon too long after the facts were revealed, and he wasn't sure he wanted to be associated with such people. But that's not the only reason. During the campaign, Weicker took a swipe at the Republican candidate for governor of Connecticut, whom he accused of "playing Watergate." There came a certain push-pull for his departure from the ranks.

In his statement he said: Republican candidates in 1976 will be asked the question: "Why are you a Republican?" "I ask each of you for the opportunity to join hearts and minds in constructing an enthusiastic response to that question. A response that is more than preserving the two-party system and less than a rigid loyalty to yesterday's ideas." What does that mean?

Someone asked a question about the independent vote. He referred to it as a "problem." Quickly, from a young reporter: Why does he call it a "problem"? Well . . . actually it's not a problem for *him*, but we do have a two-party tradition in the country. In fact, he thinks being an independent is a sign of maturity.

If so, how is he going to answer the voters' question: "Why are you a Republican?"

Weicker: "What is the answer to 'Why are you a Republican?' That's our work for the future and not the words of one evening. But when we've clicked, you'll see its acceptance in the eyes of the questioner, be that person frail or strong, black or white, poor or rich, young or old. I've seen it, it's worth any risk. Let's get to work."

Golly.

—DO

AFTRA v. Buckley: An Update

In 1964, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA), the union of performers in the TV and radio industry, left the following succinct message with Mr. Buckley's secretary: "You cannot appear any more on radio or TV recordings unless you become a member of AFTRA." Mr. Buckley ignored the ultimatum, except to the extent of stating, in desultory conversations and correspondence, his opposition to compulsory membership; but in 1966 he launched the show *Firing Line*, and was told by the producer that unless he joined AFTRA, the show could not go on. Under this compulsion he did join.

During the conversations and correspondence,

Our CIA Madness

World-weary Frenchmen shrug.
Italy, where they bug
Everyone, every day,
Glances the other way.
Even the British, who
Can't keep things *entre nous*,
Find it a dreadful bore.
What do we do it for?
Only the Soviets
Watch us without regrets.

W. H. VON DREELE

AFTRA had cited the National Labor Relations Act as authority for its procedure. Mr. Buckley consulted *NR's* attorney, Mr. C. Dickerman Williams, as to the constitutionality of the National Labor Relations Act in authorizing AFTRA to impose such a requirement. In Mr. Williams' opinion, the Act, insofar as it limited Mr. Buckley's appearances on the air, ran afoul of the First Amendment. According to this Amendment, Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech. It was evident that any suit to establish Mr. Buckley's rights would be long and expensive. Aid was sought through the National Right to Work Foundation, a foundation designed to assist employees whose legal rights are denied by unions. The suit was brought in January 1971. M. Stanton Evans and Fulton Lewis III joined as co-plaintiffs. They argued that AFTRA not only violated their rights, but performed no services they could not as well, or better, perform for themselves. After what is called pretrial discovery, an argument by which the parties to a suit question each other before trial, an application was made in June 1972 to the Federal Court in New York that the requirement of union membership be declared unlawful and unconstitutional. The case was heard by Judge Charles Bricant Jr. He sustained the plaintiffs. The union then took an appeal, retaining for that purpose the late Alexander Bickel, Distinguished Professor of Law at Yale, who died last year. The appeal was heard in November 1973 by Judges Henry J. Friendly, Sterry Waterman, and William Timbers. In April 1974, the Court of Appeals reversed, taking the position that commentators could be required to pay dues because they were enrolled in the union's pension plan, a proposition which, incidentally, Professor Bickel had never argued. The Court held that Mr. Buckley and his fellow plaintiffs could not be required to be members of the union, upholding their arguments in this respect. But the Court held it had no power to grant relief itself. Unfortunately, as most employer broadcasting companies refuse to engage performers who are not members of AFTRA, this left Mr. Buckley without effective means of enforcing his rights. Mr. Buckley and his fellow plaintiffs then applied to the Supreme Court for review. On December 23, the Court denied review. Justice Douglas wrote a dissenting

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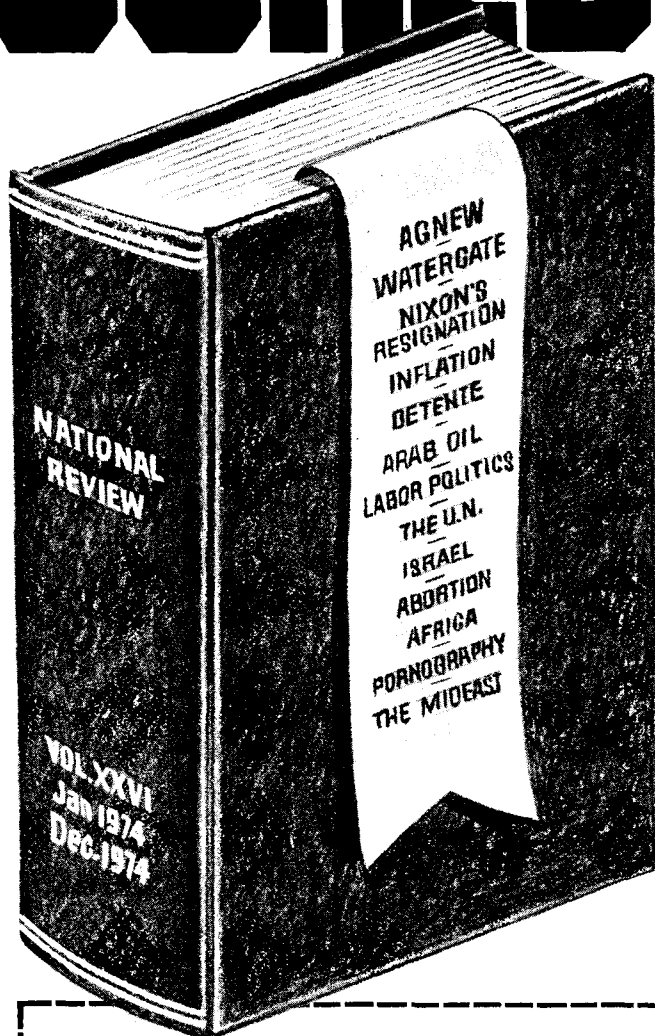
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opinion, in which Chief Justice Burger concurred. Justice Douglas believed that the use of the statute to deny anyone the right to speak in public violated the First Amendment. Having two members of the Court on his side, Mr. Buckley and his fellow plaintiffs are now intending to file a petition for rehearing, hoping to persuade some of the other members of the Court also.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I'm not a lover of *NR*'s cover.

To say the most, it can't boast of the slightest artistic merit one could ever hope to ferret out of thin invention.

That's not to mention that, to say the least, *c'est bougrement triste*.

While this land endures,

Faithfully yours,
G. A. Di Giovanni
Stamford, Conn.

Dear Mr. Di Giovanni: Then why don't you start on page 2, *espèce d'idiot*? —WFB

■ Dear Bill

I trust that you are at home today in Connecticut from your trip to Mexico City and that you are not too tired to have read page 5 of the *New York Times Book Review* which has a skyline *Autobiography as an Act of Political Communication: Angela Davis*, 400 pp., New York: Random House, \$8.95, reviewed by Elinor Langer, who is identified at the bottom of the page as one who is writing a biography of Josephine Herbst.

The photograph of Ms. Davis is a seraphic one by Jill Krementz and the review by Ms. Langer is urbane, not to say orgasmic, glossolalia that passeth understanding by us here rural folk who live at Continent's End, and she has apparently drawn on her knowledge of Etruscan, Coptic, and Aramaic tongues.

I know that the editor's intentions are good—he wants to bring the word to Californians and to those who live in San Francisco in fine, where Ms. Davis is now bringing pressure to bear on San Francisco State for a seat in philosophy—or is it a chair of philosophy (I have a Himalayan ignorance of learned terms) and I strongly suspect that she will be hired or indentured with automatic and built-in tenure.

Here, she will be almost in eyesight of San Quentin and the Civic Center and Court House (designed by Frank Lloyd Wright) along the northern littoral of San Francisco Bay, scenes of her greatest triumph some three or four years ago when she bought the guns and hired the VW camper from Hertz (the 17-year-old Jackson

boy no way could rent anything from Hertz). She had been shacking up with the boy for weeks, spending the night before the massacre with him at a motel on Lombard Street in San Francisco. When the boy entered the courthouse he was a walking armamentarium with several guns concealed under an overcoat to essay the rescue of Ruchell Magee, taking the judge, the district attorney, and others with him, and before the odor of cordite had drifted away from the plaza the judge had his head blown off by Magee, the boy Jackson was dead along with three others, and the district attorney shot in the spine, paralyzed for life. But as I say, Ms. Davis, at almost the exact minute of the massacre, was boarding a PSA plane for Los Angeles—she disappeared from sight and was located months later by the FBI, shackled up again, this time wearing her hair like Clara Bow, a cloche hat, and a dress from Bergdorf Goodman. Her trial, the situs of San José by change of venue, was a mockery amateurish, and so she was set free, a martyr—sure to be named Secretary of State by President Ramsey Clark before the Christmas holidays in 1976.

Yours ever,
Charles Wallen Jr.
Millbrae, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I cannot urge you strongly enough to reconsider Mr. Sol Itkin's proposal, which was forwarded in the July 5 issue. I think the idea of selling *NATIONAL REVIEW* sweat-shirts, or T-shirts, is timely medicine indeed. Belated news, but true.

Disregard for the moment: a) the number of young conservatives; b) what the young Trotskyites will or will not do. Rather, see the thing for what it could be, and give those of us who will, the opportunity to make a marvelous profession of the faith.

Cordially,
Charles C. Wimberly Jr.
Mobile, Alabama

Dear Mr. Wimberly: You win. Beginning March 1, *NATIONAL REVIEW* sweatshirts will be available at \$7, and T-shirts at \$5, from Cmdr. Donald Lipsett, North Adams, Michigan. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

This is in reference to the alleged torture of Miss Amy Conger by Chilean Intelligence agents, as reported by Jack Anderson.

Did you notice that, according to the report, her captors pulled her sweater off over her head (thus baring her breasts) while her arms were handcuffed behind her back?

A pretty neat trick, don't you think?
Sincerely,
Donnan Jeffers
Carmel, Calif.

Mr. Jeffers! How would we know? Ask the torturers.

—WFB

Two Interviews

IN AN EXCLUSIVE interview with a team of *Washington Post* reporters a week before his State of the Union address, five months after taking office, Gerald Ford said he hoped that Americans would give him six more months to prove himself. Well, OK. But there is no reason to believe that the next six months will go any better for Mr. Ford. And if the next six are like the last five, by midsummer Mr. Ford will be the lamest lame duck imaginable. He will have failed to prove that he should be taken seriously. To understand how much proving he has to do, remember what he has already seriously said.

In August Mr. Ford said he intended to balance the budget for fiscal year 1975 (which began July 1) under \$300 billion. Inflation was then "Public Enemy Number One," capable of destroying the nation just as surely as "an armed enemy." In October Mr. Ford stumped all over the nation, warning the voters about the dire consequences of sending "budget busters" to the 94th Congress. Soon after the election, Mr. Ford began to indicate that he would try to fight inflation and recession simultaneously; but, he emphasized, this did not mean he was contemplating a "180° turn" away from his anti-inflation fight. Since then, of course, he has made what his press secretary, Ron Nessen, called a "179° turn." The "war" on inflation is over, bullet-biting-wise.

TWO MONTHS ago Mr. Ford said the nation had to make "sacrifices," like paying an income tax surcharge. In January, in his *Washington Post* interview, he said, evidently with a straight face, "We're going to have a strong, tough, forward-looking economic program. We've really finally honed it, tuned it." He tuned out the sacrifices; he honed away all concern about

Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

"budget-busting." The "sacrifice" the American people were asked to endure was an immediate tax cut.

Mr. Ford's principal economic advisers do not seem to dispute the following four predictions. First, the next two and a half years will produce deficits totaling \$100 billion. Second, these deficits will be financed by borrowing, or by borrowing and creation of money. Third, the borrowing will put extraordinary, unprecedented pressure on the capital market; it will force up interest rates, thereby making inflation worse; and it will prevent job-creating investment in the private sector, thereby making unemployment worse. Fourth, the money creation will trigger new and even more virulent inflation pressures.

Mr. Ford's economic advisers are not responsible for the political decision that Mr. Ford has made: he will not go to the mat with Congress. He will not fight to cut spending. His political advisers have told him he would lose a confrontation with Congress, and so he would. But he is certain to lose politically if Congress does not cut spending. He is going to be blamed for the savage disruptions caused by deficits. Already the Harris poll shows only 12 per cent support for Mr. Ford's handling of the economy. What might he have to lose by fighting Congress? Twelve per cent? That is the trouble with losing the confidence of the nation: you lack the self-confidence to adopt a bold strategy for regaining the nation's confidence.

The nearly total collapse of confidence in Mr. Ford has made Henry Kissinger an even more important figure than he has been for the last six years. He seems to be the source of whatever legitimacy attaches to this Administration. That is one reason why his words can cause such tremors.

Consider the flap about his interview with the editors of *Business Week* magazine. The first of two tremor-causing sentences was a curious triple negative: "I am not saying that there's no circumstance where we would not use force." In the Mideast, that is. The second sentence contained an untenable distinction: "But it is one thing to use it in the case of a dispute over price, it's another where there's some actual strangulation of the industrial world." He seems to be saying that a boycott

might, but a matter of price would not, provoke force. But obviously, if the oil producing cartel pegged the price of oil at (say) \$25 a barrel, there would be "some"—Kissinger's word—strangulation of the industrial world. Italy, Great Britain, and Japan would be strangled in short order. And the U.S. would suffer severely from the strangulation of its trading partners.

Mr. Kissinger chose his words carefully. And the text of the interview was cleared with the State Department, word for word, before it was published. Perhaps he just wanted to assert that the U.S. still can contemplate the use of force. (See "On the Right," page 126.)

BUT THESE days the trouble with U.S. saber-rattling is that it seems (in the words of one commentator) like "saber-tinkling." Like so much of the sound that emanates from government, it just isn't convincing. Similarly, it would not have been convincing if the U.S. fleet had done what news reports erroneously said the fleet was going to do—steam toward Vietnam waters as a "signal" to North Vietnam. But: "signal" what?

Congress has spoken: there will be no more use of U.S. force in Indochina. And Congress is about to speak again: the U.S. will not do what Mr. Ford evidently wants to do—increase aid to the embattled South Vietnamese army. The one confrontation Mr. Ford seems willing to have is one he is certain to lose—a fight for more money for a war the nation wants to forget. And the debate about this will be taking place in the background when Henry Kissinger is off in the Mideast, saying to Israel: make more territorial concessions because you have the ultimate guarantee of security—the support of the U.S. Israel will hear these assurances while also hearing Congress refusing aid to South Vietnam. Today South Vietnamese soldiers are being killed in battle because they are short of ammunition. North Vietnam's ally—which happens to be Syria's principal ally—supplies North Vietnamese soldiers with ample ammunition. It is not certain that the Israeli government will or should believe what the U.S. Government says. □

SAIGON'S COMPLAINTS and demands provoke in most of us a mixture of guilt and annoyance. Why won't she, discarded mistress, just go away somewhere, drop out of sight or at least out of our sight? Can't she get it through her head that the affair is over and done with? Does she think she still has some claim on us?

Americans have always moralized about their political activities, especially about foreign policy and wars. In spite of scoldings from George Kennan and Henry Kissinger, the cold turkey of security and national interest doesn't satisfy us; we want also the moral dressing, and some of us prefer the dressing to the meat. We never straightened out the morality of fighting in Vietnam, and we now—even many of us who were all-out against the fighting—have moral qualms about the consequences of pulling out. The severance pay and temporary pension we gave the old girl when we parted company don't quite seem to wipe out the obligation our past behavior saddled us with.

The Other Side of the Coin

Putting the moral problem aside as insoluble, how does the Vietnam prospect shape up today, after two years of peace with honor, from the bare standpoint of U.S. national security and interest? It looks no different from the way it looked during the decade of fighting. Communist domination of all Vietnam (thus, automatically, of all Indochina) would mean hostile control of the primary maritime passage between the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Communist power would outflank the rest of Southeast and South Central Asia. Conditions for U.S. commerce would progressively worsen, as in all areas subject to Communist control or influence. But the most damaging result would be the still further loss of confidence in (and fear of) U.S. integrity and power. Already, following the military pullout, a cumulative loss of confidence—not only in the local region but worldwide—is obvious. There would have been no oil embargo if we had not quit militarily in Vietnam;

there would have been fewer expropriations of U.S. property, and fewer gangup anti-U.S. votes in the UN.

So goes the brief for continuing U.S. intervention—of one sort or another—to block Communist domination of all Indochina. The opposing argument is also impressive. It rests, essentially, on two points: 1) Granted that the Communist takeover of all Indochina would harm U.S. security and interest, Southeast Asia is not the only region in which U.S. interests are in jeopardy. There is also, and outstandingly at the moment, the Middle East. There are formidable potential threats in southern Africa, in Portugal and the Mediterranean, and there is plenty of trouble in Latin America. There is also the matter of the Soviet-U.S. strategic arms balance and the disintegration of NATO. By trying to cover all trouble spots we may find ourselves unable to deal effectively with any of them. A priority list is necessary, and Southeast Asia may not deserve a place near the top. 2) It is impossible for a democracy to be successful in foreign ventures if public opinion is strongly opposed. By most indications, public opinion (and its reflection in Congress) is strongly opposed to continuing massive support of South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos. There are no political leaders willing and able to persuade public opinion otherwise.

It is not self-evident which case is the more convincing. What happens in practice is that we grudgingly provide Saigon and Phnompenh enough support for them to keep hanging on a while longer but not to settle things. This no-policy has the weakness of both genuine policies, and can accomplish nothing for the longer run. It would seem to make more sense to get out altogether.

Let us enlarge our spatial and temporal scale. Viewing the Vietnam retreat in a world-historical perspective, we may wonder whether it may not be merely one episode in a grander drama: the American withdrawal from Asia.

Our forebears, departing from Europe in the early seventeenth century, set their course westward, and held that bearing. From their first settlements along the Atlantic coastland, they moved west to the Appalachians, west

over that ridge to the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri valleys, on west over the great ramparts of the Rockies and Sierras to the shore of the Pacific.

The Pacific was a beckoning, open highway, not a barrier. As early as the 1780s New England's clipper ships were making the China passage. In 1844, under Daniel Webster's direction, Caleb Cushing signed the first trade convention with the Son of Heaven. Ten years later Commodore Perry pushed open the doors of Japan. (In 1857 an American dentist, Peter Parker, raised the flag on Formosa and proposed annexation.) Hawaii was brought inside the American strategic line; Admiral Dewey sank the Spanish ships and added the Philippines.

In 1941 we entered global warfare to smash Japan's imperial counterthrust eastward. At war's end, our flag and soldiers took their stations, in Japan, Okinawa, Korea, Formosa-Taiwan, Siam-Thailand, and the island chains between Hawaii and Asia; and the Seventh Fleet patrolled the Chinese coast.

Eastward Ho!

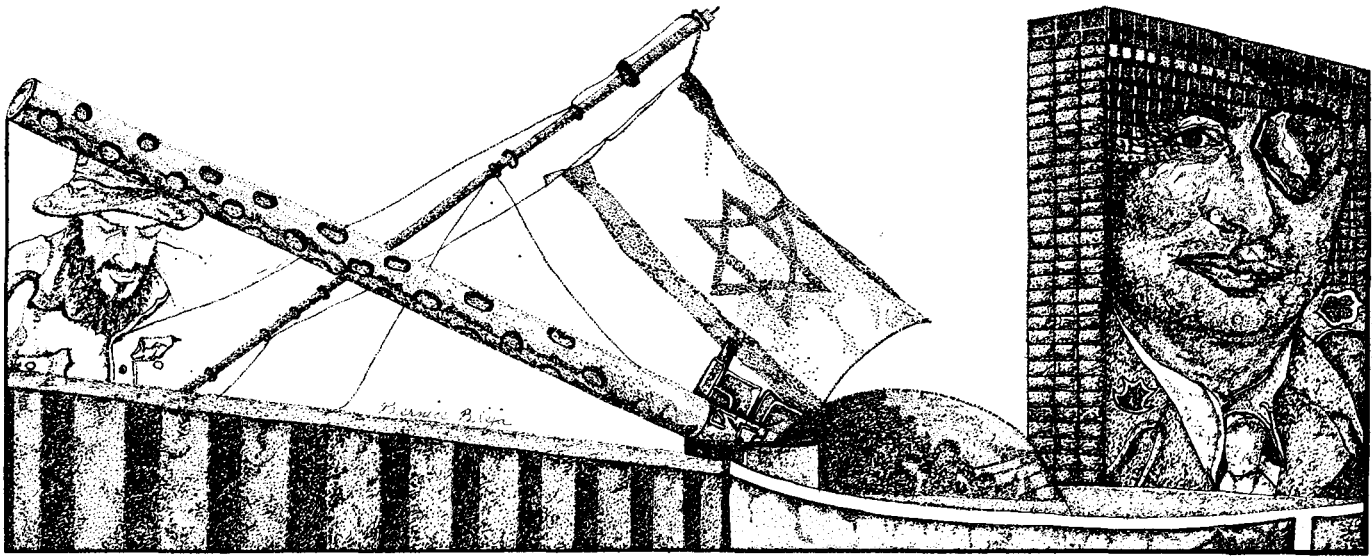
In the enlarged perspective, this was the crest of the three-and-a-half-century westward migration. The Korean fighting, ending in a stalemate, showed the rising curve to have leveled off. Then Hanoi began a new counterthrust. Sensing its meaning, we attempted to meet it, but proved unable to hold. The westward wave, which had begun receding even before the retreat from Vietnam, reversed: the flag was lowered in Okinawa; the troops began their retreat from South Korea, and Japan, and Taiwan; the fleet vanished from the Formosa Strait and moved back from China. Then the withdrawal swelled with the half-million soldiers, the planes and ships, from Vietnam, and the following thousands from Laos and Thailand.

If this is in truth the graph that traces America's destiny, the Vietnam episode already belongs to the past, and the most we can do is to sweep up the litter. And if the graph is accurate, we must ask ourselves how far the retreat goes before a new line is drawn. □

ISRAEL AND THE ARAB GODFATHER

*As the UN sinks slowly in the West and the dawn of
oil age politics rises like thunder in the East,
only the U.S. has the power to deal with the changing
world. And, perhaps, bring peace*

Ultimatum to the UN



CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

WHEN YASIR ARAFAT, the guerrilla leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization, mounted the rostrum of the United Nations to address the General Assembly, he became the envy—and the hope—of every ragtag, red-eyed, unshaven revolutionary leader in the world. It was an hour of unexpected triumph for the little Arabian, who had grown middle-aged, bald as an egg, and tough as an old camel's hide in his twenty-year anti-Zionist crusade.

The UN invitation which had brought him to participate in the debate on the Middle East crisis was unprecedented. No man without a statesman's title, much less without a country, had ever before been asked to address that 29-year-old body. Moreover, the invitation had been issued by a UN vote of 105 to 4. Only the United States, Bolivia, the Dominican Republic, and Israel itself had voted against it.

But it was not only the UN invitation that had, overnight, conferred the role of a statesman, representing a "nation in exile," on the Palestinian guerrilla. The PLO leader had arrived fresh from the Arab summit in Morocco, wearing the aura of Arabic authority. At Rabat, the 18 kings, presidents, sheiks, and emirs of the Arab bloc had unanimously affirmed the right of the dispossessed Palestinians to self-determination and designated Arafat, their best known freedom fighter and most articulate spokesman, to negotiate at the Geneva peace table when, or rather if, peace talks were resumed.

"I have come," said Arafat, "bearing an olive branch, and a freedom fighter's gun. Do not let the olive branch fall from my hand."

The olive branch was a figure of speech but, as all the UN delegates noted, the gun holster he wore on his belt was real.

The hall was hushed when the pistol-packing Palestinian began his oration. It took him eighty minutes to say a) that there would be no peace talks at Geneva until Israel withdraws from the Sinai, the Gaza Strip, the West Bank of the Jordan—to her pre-1967 borders, and b) that no peace could be made, even then, unless Israel agreed to "negotiate" the rebirth of an Arab Palestine with the Palestinians and c) agreed to the internationalization of "Old Jerusalem," the ancient site of the holy places of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam.

The Arab Godfather had made Israel an offer it could not refuse: our lands, or your life—peace on Arab terms, or war to the death on Israel.

The applause from the Third World bloc and the Communist countries was thunderous. The European delegations clapped with diplomatic restraint. Only the U.S. delegates sat on their hands. There was no sound, or even movement,

Mrs. Luce is a former congressman, former ambassador to Italy, playwright, and a member of the Rockefeller Commission on Critical Choices for America.

*The olive branch was a figure of speech
but, as all the UN delegates noted, the
gun holster he wore on his belt was real*

from the chairs of the Israelis. Israel's delegation had not taken its seats that morning.

By the time that the Yom Kippur War was brought to a halt in October 1973, with the intervention of UN peace-keeping troops, every Jew in the world knew that the dream of a Golden Zion, and a prosperous and secure Greater Israel, had ended. Even though that fourth Arab-Israeli war had been launched by the Arabs, it was clear that the UN considered Israel's occupation of the Arab lands seized in her three previous wars as a just cause for the Arabs. But the UN's overwhelming endorsement of Arab conditions for the resumption of peace talks, followed by its recognition of Arafat as a permanent UN observer for the Palestinian question, turned the dream into a nightmare of the debasement of Zion, the destruction of Israel, and the second Diaspora, or dispersion of the Jews. It was the endorsement of a Palestinian state that could only be carved out of the body of Israel.

WHAT HAD happened, since the Yom Kippur War, so to harden the hearts of the nations against Israel? Why, except for the United States, did she now stand alone? What crime against mankind had Israel committed, that even France and Great Britain, who had fought by her side in the second, 1956 Arab-Israeli war, should now be willing, if not eager, to see her reduced to a small secular enclave in an enormous Arab world?

No one in the UN, least of all the Arabs, was filled with enthusiasm for Yasir Arafat, with his visible gun, and his invisible olive branch, because of compassion for the "homeless" Palestinians. In 1947, the UN itself had created the Palestine problem when it voted 33 to 13 to create a homeland for the Jews by partitioning the homeland of the Palestinians. Between 1947 and 1949, 600,000 Palestinians fled, or were driven out of Israel. In the following twenty years, few UN members—including the Arabs—lost much sleep over the plight of the million and a half uprooted Palestinians living in refugee camps, or in other Arab countries, as stateless persons. The United States has footed about 50 per cent of the bill (which has run to \$1 billion plus) for the original Palestinian refugees and their children and their grandchildren who have been living since the UN created Israel in refugee camps on Israel's borders.

But neither was the support of the non-Arab UN members for the Arab position inspired by anti-Semitism, or a singular hatred of "the Jews." All peoples tend to dislike religions and cultures, as well as races, that differ from their own. But with the possible exception of some of the Arab members, none of the delegates were motivated by religious intolerance, or any ideological Hitlerian urge to a "final solution of the Jewish question." Nor were the European so-called Christian nations, who had deserted Israel, seized by a sudden ecumenical zeal to restore free access to their Jerusalem holy places to the Mohammedans.

Religion is indeed the matrix of all cultures, and the

mother of the nations. Religious beliefs do profoundly affect the attitudes of mankind, and give direction to its actions. Israel itself was born—and reborn—of transcendent ideas about God. Nor is there any doubt that at the root of the four Arab-Israeli wars is religious intolerance. But neither religious intolerance nor secular compassion for the Palestinians accounts for the UN stampede to the Arab side. Today, the unworldly power of religion has far less hold over the minds of the nations than the worldly power that lies in guns and gold.

In the jungle world of the sovereign nations, Chairman Mao is the greatest prophet. "All power," he said, "comes out of the barrel of a gun." The overwhelming UN support for Arafat (and Arab terms) was dictated by the recognition that power today has unexpectedly acquired a new dimension: it comes not only out of the barrel of a gun, but out of a barrel of oil.

On the eve of Arafat's UN appearance, General Moshe Dayan, the Israeli war hero, arrived in New York to rally American support for an Israel that is now in a virtual state of siege. "Will Israel," he cried in anguish, "be sacrificed to oil?" He did not have to wait long for the answer. In the United Nations assembled, it was a loud and clear "Yes!"

The Arab oil embargo, although it was imposed in the October war on all the industrialized nations who had until then supported Israel, was specifically directed against the U.S., to punish it for its massive arms delivery to Israel. This cutoff, and the subsequent quadrupling of the price of oil by the OPEC countries, has already done incalculable damage to the vulnerable economies of all the industrial countries that depend on Persian Gulf oil. It has also hurt all the oil-poor agricultural countries that depend on oil-based fertilizer.

Henry Kissinger, in a brutally honest and pessimistic speech recently delivered at the University of Chicago, said:

*... power today has unexpectedly acquired
a new dimension: it comes not only out
of the barrel of a gun, but out of
a barrel of oil*

"If current economic trends continue, we face further and mounting worldwide shortages, unemployment, poverty, and hunger . . . an economic crisis of such magnitude would inevitably produce dangerous political consequences."

Israel did not create this worldwide, multifaceted economic and political crisis which now threatens the economies and the political stability of so many nations. It was in the making long before the Arab oil boycott, and was primarily created by the rapid industrialization of many nations in an overpopulated world. In war, and in peace, for a century now, these nations have been consuming the planet's basic raw materials as voraciously, and as mindlessly, as the great swarms of seven-year locusts that darken the heavens in some areas of the world consume all that is edible in their paths. No nation, certainly no industrialized, overpopulated nation, is innocent of the economic crisis that is now unfolding it.

Indeed, Israel is among the least guilty. It is the historical height of hypocrisy to accuse a country of only three million

The great oil barrel of the whole Eastern hemisphere is in Arab hands. But the great gun of that hemisphere, which now stands guard over it, is in the hands of Moscow

people, which is only 25 years old, of having brought on the crisis by its little wars of expansion into a small, infertile area that can barely produce oranges and grapefruit. On the other hand, Israel's conflict with the Arabs precipitated the Arab oil embargo and is certainly the proximate cause of the sudden deepening of the energy crisis. And there is no doubt that another Arab oil embargo would greatly worsen it. The ugly and tragic fact is that all the nations directly or indirectly dependent on Persian Gulf oil will consent not only to the diminishment of Israel, but even to her destruction, if necessary, rather than imperil an orderly flow of Arab oil to their endangered economies.

But there is another reason, and an even more compelling one, why the majority of the nations have gone over to the Arab side. The great oil barrel of the whole Eastern hemisphere is in Arab hands. But the great gun of that hemisphere, which now stands guard over it, is in the hands of Moscow.

The October 1973 war was launched by the Egyptians,

who were well supplied with Soviet arms and trained by Soviet technicians. The Israelis—and the U.S.—were caught by surprise. An Arab success seemed certain. But disaster began to overtake the Arab cause on October 15, when the Israelis cut off and trapped the Egyptian armies in the Sinai, crossed the Suez Canal, and began to head for Cairo. On October 24, Moscow warned President Nixon that if he did not persuade his Israeli clients to accept an immediate ceasefire, Moscow would “be faced with the necessity urgently to consider the question of taking appropriate steps unilaterally.” In other words, the USSR would enter the Mideast war to prevent a decisive Israeli victory over Egypt. President Nixon called a red alert, but when his political enemies accused him of trying to float himself off the Watergate rocks by “getting us into a war with the Arabs,” Kissinger arranged the ceasefire. The Israelis then, and now, look on the U.S. capitulation to the Russian threat as America's Munich.

What the UN knows now is a) that if Israel “hangs on” and refuses to return to the peace table on the Arabs' terms, a fifth Arab-Israeli war is inevitable, b) that military aid to Israel from any nation will bring on another oil embargo, and c) that military intervention by the U.S.A. on Israel's side will bring it face to face with the USSR, in the long-feared nuclear Armageddon.

What chance does Israel have now to hang on to the occupied lands, and sweat out Arab demands? What chance does she have, if war comes, to win it?

Israel is not, and has never been, self-supporting. Her domestic economy is fundamentally anemic. It has always depended on large transfusions of American capital. By 1972, the U.S. had loaned about \$4 billion to Israel—or \$1,200 to every Israeli. World Jewry has also been enormously generous to Israel up to now. But everyone in the West is poorer today than yesterday, and there is bound to be a serious shortfall in the funds from overseas Jews.

HUGE defense funds are required to maintain military occupation of the Arab lands. Israel's conscripts represent a large part of her labor force. Their use in the military occupation leaves Israel's industries and fields undermanned, with a consequent decline in production. The only indigenous oil Israel has for her industries, and war machines, comes from the Egyptian wells of the Sinai, which Israel seized in the 1967 war. (President Sadat is demanding that Israel—or rather, the U.S.—pay Egypt \$1.2 billion for the oil that Israel has taken out of the Sinai.) If the U.S. is to help Israel just to “hang on,” and is willing to bribe her Egyptian neighbor to let her “hang on,” the bill cannot be less than \$1 billion in economic aid.

Militarily, Israel was enormously weakened by the October war. The attrition of weaponry and lives in modern war is horrifyingly swift. The \$2 billion in U.S. equipment she received during the war was largely destroyed in a week of the fighting. And Israel lost approximately 2 per cent of her fighting men. The U.S. has replaced much of Israel's lost equipment, so that her defense position is by no means hopeless. But if an all-out war is resumed, unless Israel receives—and soon—several billion more dollars in military equipment from the U.S., she cannot hope to meet another Arab onslaught. But, worst of all, today the Arabs have a number of things going for them that they did not



have before the October war. The religious fervor of the Arabs has never been less than that of the Jews, and from the beginning their war on Israel has been seen as a holy war, or jihad. But today, the sense of nationalism in the Arab countries is also becoming strong. Their troops are better disciplined, better equipped than ever by the Soviets. The Persian Gulf oil potentates have now allocated princely amounts of their plentiful petrodollars to Syria and Egypt for the purchase of the most modern arms. Morale is high in the whole Arab world. For the first time, the Arab cause (though probably short of the annihilation of Israel) has "world opinion" behind it.

IN THIS nightmarish hour for the Israelis, where does America stand? To ask the question is to ask what does America owe Israel?

The first—the all-important—thing the U.S. owes Israel is what we owe ourselves, and the rest of the world: to prevent World War III. That war, if it comes, (let none doubt it) will be nuclear. Israel, and many other nations, ourselves included, would perish in it. If the Soviets are to be believed, a U.S. military intervention, on Israel's side, would trigger that holocaust. But even if Moscow is bluffing, America's two long, bloody, costly, and inconclusive wars in Korea and Vietnam against the clients of the USSR and Red China, have left the American people with no desire for another encounter with "the natives" on the other side of the globe.

Our second obligation, to ourselves and to the world, is to help to solve the economic crisis, both at home and abroad, and not to worsen it. No computer yet has estimated the trillions of gallons of oil that have been consumed in this century by the war machines of the great and small powers. And any war, large or small, we now undertake to fight, or even to provision, thousands of miles from our shores, will only serve to deepen our own and the free world's energy crisis.

What, then, is the U.S. obligation to Israel? There are three things we can and should do in Israel's interests:

First, President Ford should forcefully remind the UN that the UN created Israel, and that if that august body does not, and damsoon, overwhelmingly pass a Resolution upholding the right of Israel to exist as an independent and sovereign nation within the borders set by the UN itself in the Security Council's Resolution 242 of 1967, the United States will forthwith quit the UN, and exercise its sovereign right to expel the UN from our shores, leaving it to find its home, and its finances, elsewhere.

Second, we should also tell the UN that we intend to offer a firm military treaty to Israel, guaranteeing those borders against Arab—or Palestinian—aggression, and invite Israel's Arab neighbors, if they are so inclined, to seek similar guarantees from their friendly neighbors.

Third, we should remind the Israelis of the words spoken by their greatest statesman, David Ben Gurion, in 1971: "We must return to the borders [we had] before 1967," Israel's first president said before he died. Peace, he said, was Israel's "great necessity . . . militarily defensible borders, while desirable, cannot, by themselves, guarantee our future. Real peace with our Arab neighbors—mutual trust and friendship—that is the only true security."

AND LAST, as that is the only true security of any nation, we should remind the Arabs that the record of the Russians, as trustworthy neighbors, leaves much to be desired. The ultimate Soviet aim does not include the health and happiness of the Arab rulers. It does include the disposition of their oil. Will the free world, and America, be made stronger by the wasting of Israel? Or will the Arabs themselves not then be standing alone? When that hour comes, the Russian Godfather, the greatest Godfather of them all, will make the Arab rulers "an offer they can't refuse."

Peace in the Middle East is the urgent need of Israel. But it is also the need of the Arab world. □

Chiang Kai-shek and Fu Manchu

Chiang Kai-shek: I'm looking for somebody to pitchfork a lousy

Agrarian reformer by the name of Mousy Tung.

He is the mother of cow dung,
Has halitosis, a fishy smile, and athlete's feet
From a Lông March he once made in order to cheat
His landlady out of her rent.

That is why I sent

For you,

Fu Manchu.

Fu Manchu: Solly,

Generalissimo, my polly,

See, is to do in only the good guys,

Never the ones who tell lies,

And other bad things, about what they do for a living.

Chiang: Look. Let's be a little forgiving:

He's done a lot of good things for China like making
everybody leap forward,

Thus keeping 800 million bored Chinese from getting

more borward.

Fu Manchu: What else has he done that's good?

Has he, for example, wiped out the optimum dens in the neighborhood?

Chiang: That's not the best he's done. He has cleared
up the confucian in people's minds,

Putting the leash on running dogmas, sacred cows, and
other kines

Of bull.

Fu Manchu: Clearly the man is full

Of enough goodness to do a job on.

Do you want a single contract, or shall I put the mob on?

Chiang: That's up to you,

Fu.

I hope soon I shall be able to read about the completion
of this honorable task

In *What I Always Wanted to Know about Sax* (Rohmer,
that is) *but Was Afraid to Ask*.

—JOHANNES EFF

Quotations from Chairman Butz

NICHOLAS WALSH

Chicago, Dec. 1 (UPI)—Agriculture Secretary Earl L. Butz said today that he intended to remain in his job next year despite recent demands for his resignation. He dismissed as "a closed incident now" the furor over his repetition of an Italian dialect joke about Pope Paul VI's stand on birth control. The Secretary said he doubted the incident would make him abandon his well known habit of telling jokes. "I've got a keen sense of humor and it's hard to curtail it," he said.

IT'S A PLEASURE to be here in Edinburgh for the First World Conference of Sheep Shearing.

As you know, the world agriculture situation today cannot be discussed apart from the world economy. . . . And, speaking of money, that reminds me of the story about the stingy Scottish woman. After a happy marriage of forty years, she suddenly found herself a widow. She was bereft. Bawled for two weeks. Then came the check from the insurance company . . . £40,000. "Hoot, mon," said the stingy Scottish woman, "I'd give £20,000 of this to have my Angus back."

It's a pleasure being here in the lovely capital of Nairobi to address this African Black Agriculture Forum.

You know, the food situation in the world cannot be discussed apart from the economic situation. . . . And, speaking of money, that reminds me of a story from way down south in de land of cotton, in my country.

About a little backwoods bank. And Rastus . . . a colored . . . uh . . . black depositor shuffles in to withdraw some money. Just then . . . the bank manager comes out and gives the teller the bad news. So the teller says to Rastus, "Sorry, our bank just went broke."

Rastus, he shuffles a bit . . . and

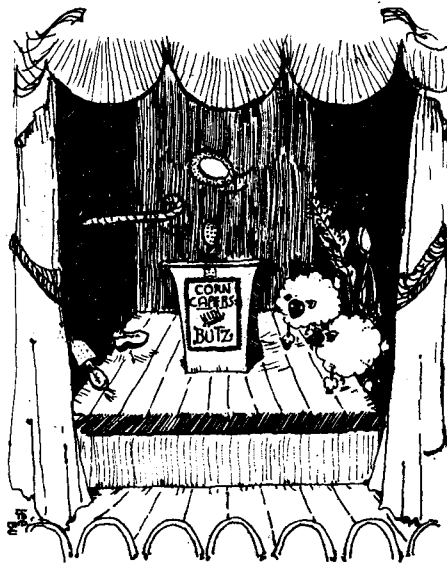
Mr. Walshe is currently writing a novel on American themes, The Balloon-Ship-Birthday.

scratches a bit . . . and finally says, "Lawdy, I'se heard of banks failin' but dis am duh fust time one dun bust right in ma face."

Thank you for inviting me to Tel Aviv University to address this Symposium on World Symbiosis.

Of course, the world food situation today cannot be discussed apart from the economic situation. . . . And, speaking of money, that reminds me of a joke they tell back in my country, on Seventh Avenue. It's a reunion at the local temple. And Sammy's there.

Now, everybody always said Sammy



was dumb. But Sammy shows up in a Cadillac, his wife is in furs, they're boasting about summers in the Catskills, winters in Miami Beach. So . . . Benny can't stand it. Benny buttonholes Sammy and says, "Sammy, you were always so dumb. Dumber than you there wasn't. So . . . how come you're a big success?"

Sammy says, "Does Macy's tell Gimbels? But I'll tell ya . . . I own a clothing store. I buy a shirt for \$1. I sell it for \$4. I always get my 3 per cent."

I'm delighted to be here in West Vir-

ginia to address the Rural Appalachian Conference on Malnutrition.

Naturally, you can't discuss the world food crisis today without discussing the economic crisis. . . . And, speaking of money, that reminds me of the story of the dumb hillbilly who went into this little post office up in the hills . . . you know, the kind with all the hicks sittin' around spittin'. "Twenty cents wuth of stamps," said the dumb hillbilly. "What denomination?" asked the clerk.

The dumb hillbilly brandishes this big rifle of his and says, "Waaaaal . . . uh'm Baptist and proud of it . . . but I don't rightly see how it's any your durn business, Mr. Guv'mint Man."

I'm happy to be here in Warsaw to address the East-West Conference on a Five Year Plan for Fertilizer.

Need I say that you can't discuss the world food crisis today without getting into the economic crisis. . . . And, speaking of money, that reminds me of the Polish joke we tell back home . . .

It's a beautiful day here in Peking and a wonderful day to open the Sino-American Soy Bean Study Group.

You all know that it's impossible to deal with the world food crisis without including the world economic crisis. . . . And, speaking of money, that reminds me of the story of the Chinese laundryman, the priest, the rabbi, and the Eskimo . . .

Thank you for inviting me to address the American-Indian Ad Hoc Quorum on Starvation. . . . And, speaking of money, that reminds me of the drunken Indian . . .

It's a thrill to be here in Dublin for the Common Market Conference on Imitation Margarine.

As you know, you can't discuss the world food crisis today without bringing up the economic crisis. . . . And, speaking of money, it brings to mind the story of the two crooked Irish politicians in this little town near Boston. They're talking in the back room and Pat says to Mike, "Mike, me boy, I understand there's an extra million left over in the town treasury this year. Let's keep our contractor friends happy and build a bridge over the town river."

"Pat, that would only take a few thousand."

"Not if we build it lengthwise," says Pat. □

SAKHAROV AND THE DISSIDENTS

*A U.S. senator traveling in the Soviet Union confers,
in this age of detente, a certain immunity
on dissidents and malcontents who talk to him. And
they talk more freely*

Senator Buckley Goes to Moscow

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

A FEW WEEKS after his brief visit to the Soviet Union, Senator James Buckley explained its purposes to an interviewer at his Washington office. "For some time now," he said, "I've been anxious to go to the Soviet Union, for several reasons. First, I've been told by too many people that you need to get almost a tactile feel for the system, that you have actually to be on the turf to sense what life in that Workers' Paradise is all about. Second, we're supposed to be in an era of detente, and the Senate periodically has to vote on various measures which presuppose cooperation with the Soviet Union on a mutually fruitful basis; and this encompasses not only arms limitation agreements, but also agreements to cooperate in such areas as energy, the environment, and medicine. We're also

being asked to consider the financing of a large part of the trade of the Soviet Union."

But the most immediate issue was emigration. The widely publicized exchange of letters between Henry Jackson and Henry Kissinger reflected an apparent compromise agreement with the Soviets, thereby raising several questions: What exactly did the Soviets agree to? What did the compromise mean? How well could we be assured that the Soviets were keeping their part, how to enforce it if not? Senator Buckley was to find that these questions were also occurring to many within the Soviet Union.

Before leaving, he spoke with leaders of organizations concerned with Soviet persecution of Jews, Christians, and various nationalities. They told him that

harassment in the USSR is currently being intensified, and supplied him with contacts to seek out. Though the plight of Soviet Jews is notorious (worse even than is generally known in the West), the Soviets are no less ruthless in their treatment of Christians, Buddhists, or Moslems. Christians have lately been the victims of crackdowns in the Ukraine, in the Baltic states, and—as a direct result of Soviet pressure—in Czechoslovakia.

Wouldn't associating with these people, Senator Buckley asked, bring them more trouble? To the contrary, he was told: in the peculiar climate of detente, it would confer a sort of immunity. The Soviet dissident—defined broadly enough to include even apolitical types who would like to move to another country—is safest when his government



Wide World Photos

knows that someone in the West knows of him, and cares about him. Senator Buckley also received some warnings. The principal one was that everything buggable in the USSR is bugged: rooms, phones, even some cars. Accordingly, he and his staff took with them a supply of Porky Pig Magic Slates, the kind whose messages vanish when you peel the plastic sheet from the board, thereby foiling surveillance. They also took a briefcase full of Hebrew Scriptures, which are illegal in Russia.

They arrived in Moscow in the afternoon of November 9 and, even before checking into a hotel, took an Embassy car directly to the Moscow synagogue (the only one available to Moscow's half million Jews), having been advised that the quickest way to meet Jews was to go there during Sabbath observances. There were, in fact, hundreds of Jews outside the synagogue when Senator Buckley arrived. They must have been surprised: the Soviet press had made

All of them, however, have the word "Jew" stamped on their identity papers

no mention of his coming, and in fact did not mention his presence at any time during his visit. (It reported the activities of Senator Walter Mondale, who was in town at the same time, but he did not make contact with any dissidents or victims of persecution. Buckley was attacked by Tass the week after his visit, but the visit itself was not reported, so that a Soviet Will Rogers, who knew only what he read in the papers, would never suppose he had been there.)

As the Jews gathered around him, a few came forth who spoke English. In his first two hours in Moscow, standing amid this crowd in a light snowfall, Senator Buckley began to get the "almost tactile feel for the system" that had first inspired him to come. They asked him about the substance of Soviet guarantees to Kissinger. (He couldn't answer their questions on the point, since Kissinger had not yet testified.) They were concerned that the 18-month probationary period specified by the

Jackson Amendment might give the Soviets time to intensify persecution of dissidents and minorities, even as they reaped lucrative trade benefits; that the 60,000 minimum might be translated into a 60,000 ceiling on emigration; that the U.S. would be lulled into accepting Soviet "good faith," instead of insisting on hard information and using, if necessary, mechanisms of enforcement. They also told him of harassment by bureaucrats and secret police: loss of jobs, cutting off of telephone service (vital to both domestic and foreign contacts), and even harassment of nondissident associates.

Senator Buckley was given yet another list, of people whose phones had recently been disconnected. He was handed letters including one in English:

Dear Senator:

I ask your assistance in the difficult situation in which I, as a Jewish activist, was put by the Soviet authorities, despite the promise not to interrupt communication. [On the] 25th of October, just a week after the publication of the assurance given by the Soviet authorities to Mr. Kissinger, my telephone was disconnected. The case is especially grave because my grandmother (age 76), with whom I live, is seriously ill and needs a telephone to call her doctor. Two words about myself. I applied for an exit visa two years ago, and was refused in spite of never being connected with any military secrets [the usual specious excuse for refusing permission to emigrate]. I am 27 years old, and now I don't have any work and I have no possibilities to finish my education.

Somebody had had the presence of mind to phone an AP reporter; a photo of the Senator appeared in Saturday afternoon editions of U.S. newspapers. The story of his travels was also picked up by the Voice of America, still a widely trusted source of news for people within Communist countries.

The next morning Buckley phoned (from a booth, so as to elude wiretaps) one of the numbers he had been given before leaving the U.S., that of a Jew who acted as contact man for a group that is concerned with the persecution of religious people, a group founded by (among others) Andrei Sakharov. In a few minutes, a meeting with Sakharov had been arranged. Accompanied by two aides and the AP reporter, Buckley went to Sakharov's apartment, a very modest one remarkable only for the KGB man who sat across the street watching everyone who came to call.

Sakharov and his wife greeted them at the entrance, and took them inside to talk, the AP man interpreting. Sakharov takes the position that he acts legally and has nothing to hide, and so disdains such devices as Porky Pig Magic Slates. He conversed softly, directly, and Buckley was filled with what he later called "an extraordinary admiration, a feeling almost of humility, in the face of people who have this kind of guts."

Sakharov himself is an atheist and a Marxist, yet he defends the rights of worshipers with a zeal that any Western liberal would find baffling (when was the last time Ramsey Clark complained about religious persecution?). He told of a Buddhist leader, thought by his co-religionists to be the new incarnation of a glorious figure, who had reportedly died of neglect and mistreatment in a prison the previous day; of Baptists in the western USSR driven out of circulation; of several Jehovah's Witnesses imprisoned. Parents who teach their children religion do so in defiance of Soviet law, which requires that children be raised as Marxists; and the parents are sometimes jailed, and their children placed in orphanages. Job and educational opportunities are closed off. Even an occasional questioning, against the background of such persecution, terrorizes all but the hardest believers. Bibles are illegal: authorities recently shut down a private printing press in Lithuania, seizing 12,000 Bibles.

Mrs. Sakharov, during the conversa-

Sakharov stressed the need for pressures toward liberalization

tion, produced a list of 6,000 heads of households of Volga German families who want to emigrate. A distinct nationality, these Germans are descendants of people who settled on the Volga in the eighteenth century. During WWII they were moved en masse to another Soviet "republic" in Central Asia. There are about two million of them. Like the Jews, the ones who want to leave have a destination in mind, one which would no doubt accept them. (Senator Buckley sent the list, in a diplomatic pouch, to his Washington office, where a copy was made for West German officials.)

Throughout their talk, Sakharov stressed the need for pressures toward

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liberalization. He adjured the West, through Buckley, not to deal only with the regime, nor to strengthen the Soviet economy, which would be bad for both the Soviet minorities and ourselves. We must, he said, press for the free circulation of Western books, periodicals, and journalists within the Soviet Union. Before Richard Nixon's last visit, Soviet authorities rounded up potential Jewish troublemakers and swept them out of sight; before Helmut Schmidt's, they did the same with Germans. Sakharov warned that in their eagerness to host the 1980 Olympics in Moscow, they will, unless prevented, isolate that city from the rest of Russia, and put away every dissident they can get their hands on.

Buckley suggested that the U.S. Congress establish a special committee to monitor, with the help of the Soviet underground, Soviet compliance with emigration rights as specified in the Jackson Amendment. Sakharov thought

"The problem of emigration," Shchelokov assured Buckley, "doesn't exist"

this an excellent idea; he added that this would encourage exit applications among many who might otherwise be afraid to apply. (Back in Washington, Buckley found Henry Jackson equally enthusiastic, and Jackson assigned the function to the Investigations Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Government Operations.)

That same night Buckley met with a dozen Jews, each representing a prominent Jewish family, in a small Moscow apartment. All had recently had their phones disconnected—this after the Soviets had agreed to stop harassing prospective emigrants. They told him that their persecution is indeed being intensified, and that by all reports the torments of the Gulag camps are getting worse too. The mass casualties of Stalin's day no longer occur, but in other respects the camps today are even worse. Discipline is harsher, and individual prisoners are more isolated. Death still comes, but more slowly: Buckley himself terms the treatment "protracted death, i.e., on the installment plan, in little pieces of psychological pressure, of inhuman discipline and inhuman conditions, with the thread

of life barely kept from snapping." Finally Buckley turned to one man and complimented him on his bravery. "But don't you see, Senator," the man replied, "we have to be brave. There is no other way out." (Later Buckley quoted those words on the Senate floor, adding, "All of the sophisticated arguments for giving the Soviet leaders what they want in terms of economic benefits fade into insignificance when seen in light of those words.")

It did not become clear to Buckley during his six-day visit to what extent Jews are harassed as an ethnic group in addition to their harassment as religious people; but some Jews, presumably nonreligious, have been left alone until they tried to emigrate. All of them, however, have the word "Jew" stamped on their identity papers.

The same is true of the Volga Germans, as Buckley learned the next day when he returned to Sakharov's apartment. Having dispatched the list Mrs. Sakharov had given him, he was eager to hear more about them. About two dozen of those who had compiled the list were now in jail, he was told, but a more extensive list is in preparation. Altogether there are about two million of them, as compared with three million Soviet Jews; yet few in the West have heard of them. Buckley inferred from this that there are many nationalities within the Soviet Union whose departure is impeded by the same obstacles that impede the Jews.

The obstacles are perhaps not more cruel to the Germans than to the Jews. But where the Germans are concerned, they are even more preposterous. The Volga Germans are farmers and miners who are prohibited from getting into universities; yet the education tax is levied against them too as a condition of emigration, and even if they can pay it they are restrained from going on grounds that they possess "state secrets" to which they have not the remotest access. They and their children are abused as "Nazis" and "Hitlerites."

The translator at this meeting was Aleksandr Goldfarb, a prominent dissident. Goldfarb, a Jew, is also a distinguished biochemist—more precisely, a distinguished former biochemist, whose practice of his profession ceased when he tried to leave for Israel. When he was denied permission to go, on the usual specious ground that he possessed state secrets, he smuggled all his papers to the Weizmann Institute in Is-

rael. Then he wrote the Soviet authorities, telling them what he had done. "I told them," he told Buckley, "that under the circumstances they had only two choices: either prosecute me for treason or let me go." He has received no reply.

Much of Buckley's week was taken up with semi-official functions, including a luncheon in his honor given by U.S. Ambassador Walter Stoessel. He met both dissidents and minor government officials; but he wanted to meet someone who was neither, an ordinary Soviet citizen or two who accepted the regime without complaint. The closest he came was when he went to an apartment to meet a group of artists and intellectuals, but even these were not quite what he had had in mind: a recent bulldozing of their exhibition had given them a grievance against the government.

He gathered some casual facts that, in their desultory way, helped to give him a feel for the system. Leningrad and Moscow, he learned, have lately received the choicest consumer goods, so that they might serve, wretched as they are, as showcases for tourists and other visitors. Foreigners who work in the Soviet Union—diplomats and newsmen, for instance—are assigned quarters by the state, and shop at specially designated stores for their exclusive convenience, where they can get goods that Soviet citizens can't. Even domestic help is supplied by the state, the better to watch you with; and if your maid becomes attached to you, she may make a point of (say) phoning her boss to let him know you have left your apartment while you are still putting on your coat, just so you know what she has to do, and that she doesn't really want to spy on you behind your back. Such are the courtesies and gestures of affection of subjects of the totalist state.

BY THE last day of his visit, Thursday, November 14, Senator Buckley had received no reply to his request, made some two weeks before leaving for Russia, for an interview with either the Soviet Minister of Defense or the Minister of the Interior. Meanwhile he had agreed to an interview with a Dr. Arbatov, head of the Institute for the Study of the United States, whose function is to provide the Kremlin with general information about the current

conditions of the U.S.—cultural, sociological, and political, one gathers, rather than military.

On Thursday morning, Buckley informed the U.S. Embassy that he would announce at a noon press conference that he would cancel the Arbatov interview unless he received in return an interview with one of the two officials he had asked to meet. Embassy officials pleaded with him not to do this, but Buckley was adamant. He proceeded with the press conference; and while it was in progress, an Embassy aide rushed in with a note informing Buckley that Nikolai Shchelokov, Minister of the Interior, would see him at 5 P.M.

ANOTHER MAN arrived during the press conference: Mikhail Agursky, a Jewish dissident and contributor to a new volume of articles edited by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Buckley had tried all week to make contact with him, but had been unable to. Now, with the Arbatov and Shchelokov interviews scheduled, Buckley had only a half hour in which to speak with Agursky.

They spent the time walking through the city together as they conversed, followed by a series of comically obvious undercover men, each of whom would cruise slowly along behind them in a "taxi" equipped with a phone, watching them and reporting their movements to headquarters for a few blocks, then turn down a side street as the next "taxi" took up the chase. Two Buckley aides, Leonard Saffir and William Schneider, walking behind Buckley and Agursky, enjoyed this slapstick attempt at subtlety: Russian traffic is so thin that effective concealment of such a pursuit would probably require the concentration of all the cars in Moscow on a single avenue.

Agursky had managed to bring together a group of Christians Buckley had wanted to meet; but it was too late. Buckley told him that he would see Shchelokov later that afternoon, and would present him with lists of victims of Soviet persecution, religious and political. Agursky warned him not to be misled by any of the clergy or hierarchy of the Russian Orthodox Church, which is in effect a department of the Soviet state.

Before the Shchelokov interview, Buckley kept his appointment with

Arbatov's Institute, taking the occasion to chide them for Soviet secretiveness, especially now that the USSR enjoys military security. He was told that this is an old Russian trait, confessedly an imperfection, resulting from centuries of invasions from East and West, which, however, time and the spirit of detente may correct.

Nikolai Shchelokov, Minister of the Interior, is in charge of (among other things) the Soviet prison system—what has lately come to be known as the Gulag Archipelago. Leonard Saffir describes him as a tough evil-looking man whose grin, ready but insincere, exposes a mouthful of gold teeth; Otto Preminger would typecast a Gulag jailer like that. He is a man who delivers official falsehoods utterly without compunction, and without any embarrassment at knowing his auditors don't believe a word of it.

Shchelokov asked Buckley what the purpose of his visit was, and Buckley told him that it was to determine whether detente was working, with spe-

"The law guarantees everyone in the Soviet Union freedom of religion, and the law is faithfully applied"

cial attention to emigration rights. He handed Shchelokov copies of the lists he had received.

"I will examine the lists," Shchelokov said. "But most lists that exist are not real, they are fabrications. . . . You have been speaking with malcontents," he said. "Everyone who applies for an exit visa gets it, at all levels. We do not hold anybody except those held because they break Soviet laws. I can give you the figures."

"The only grounds to refuse exit visas are possession of state secrets," he continued. "Just as is the case in your country. There is a five-year quarantine on possession of state secrets." (Buckley and his aides later wondered whether this excuse might really be the reason Sakharov hasn't been deported like Solzhenitsyn: as recently as 1968 he was working on Soviet MIRV projects.) "The problem of emigration," Shchelokov assured Buckley, "doesn't exist. It is only invented by those who are interested in destroying the good relations of our two countries."

Buckley mentioned the disconnected telephones.

"Such facts are now known to me. They are phony. It is probably the work of hooligans."

Prison conditions? "We have fine hospitals and excellent doctors at all our prisons. Everyone in a prison gets medical treatment as good as anyone in the Soviet Union. It is against the law for anyone to mistreat a prisoner, and I will punish on the spot those who encroach on prisoners' rights. All our prisoners (who are required to work hard in connection with our rehabilitation program) receive 4,500 calories of food a day, which is far more than the 2,000 calories you and I require."

Religious repression? "Another dead cat! The law guarantees everyone in the Soviet Union freedom of religion, and the law is faithfully applied. Ask anyone, ask the priests and bishops of the Russian Orthodox Church, and they will tell you that they and their parishioners enjoy the fullest religious freedom." He offered to show Buckley a film demonstrating how free the exercise of religion is in the USSR.

Buckley had no time to see the film. That night he left for home via Poland, whose atmosphere he found, by comparison with Moscow's, refreshingly free and open. His impression was that even the Communist leaders there were more frank and humane than those of Russia, and might have been even more so but for the presence within their borders of several Soviet divisions.

Buckley had promises to keep in the U.S.A. Among them was one to Shchelokov, who had requested, "Please tell the other senators exactly what I have told you. Everything I have told you is the full truth. Soviet leaders are as good as their words." So, when he returned to Capitol Hill, Senator Buckley took the floor to quote Shchelokov verbatim. Having kept his promise, he went on to quote all the malcontents and dead cats he had met, entering the lists into the *Record*. That must have offended Shchelokov's sense of fair play.

Buckley also placed a long distance call to Andrei Sakharov. The Russian had asked him if he might send open letters to the West through Buckley, and Buckley had told him, "By all means." Now Buckley reminded him of the arrangement and encouraged him to make use of it. Sakharov, grateful, said he would. □

The Kirovograd Mystery

*A small morsel of evidence
seems to exist and justify
Churchill's and Roosevelt's
continuing concern that Hitler
and Stalin might conclude a
separate peace. History
would be different . . .*

JOHN LUKACS

A while back NATIONAL REVIEW published an article about the puzzle of Guernica, the Basque village that was destroyed in 1937 during the Spanish Civil War and became, mostly through left wing propaganda and Picasso's famous oddity of a painting, a symbol of Fascist inhumanity; and yet there are reasons to doubt at least some elements of what became the accepted version: that Guernica had been bombed to smithereens by Nazi fliers, in an atrocious raid of ruthless vengeance suggested by General Franco. The article was sufficiently detailed, informative, and thoughtful to evoke what to this historian seemed an extraordinary response from all kinds of readers. Both the volume and the contents of the published correspondence were impressive. Everyone interested in history could read many of the letters with profit, since they further illuminated the subject—for once, a reality, not an academic phrase.

The professional study of history, in the United States, has become more and more bureaucratic and politicized, with alarming results for the profession. And yet at the same time there are many signs indicating that the appetite of all kinds of people for history has become larger, not smaller; that there are many thousands of Americans, including young ones, whose interest in historical matters is intense, authentic, abiding, and real. The proper matter of history includes, at any rate, the study of certain problems as much as, and perhaps even more than, the recording and the study of certain periods. It is for this reason that I wrote this article for publication in NATIONAL REVIEW.

—JL

IN THE SPRING of 1943, six weeks after the surrender of the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad, fighting between the Russian and German armies died down along their enormous battle line. From March 20 to early May there was an almost complete lull on the front, amounting in certain sectors to a de facto armistice, a unique event in the history of the Second

World War which has not received sufficient attention from military historians. Much of this was due to the German recovery after Stalingrad. After a second disastrous winter, Hitler had still evaded the fate of Napoleon. His army was not yet broken—far from it. Less than a month after the catastrophe at Stalingrad the Germans were able to counterattack in the south. On March 14 they reentered Kharkov. About a week later the lines stopped moving all along the long land front from Rostov to Leningrad. The Russian and the German armies were exhausted. Not until July would the full fury of battle flare up again around Kursk, where on Hitler's orders the German tank armies staged their last great offensive in the East, where they eventually failed.

It is not possible to separate military and political developments during a war, Churchill later wrote. "At the summit of events they are one." Few statesmen understood this better than Stalin, who acted accordingly during his entire career. In 1943 the exhausted lull between the two giant armies was not only a condition of military necessity. It had potential political meaning. There were secret contacts between Berlin and Moscow for the purpose of an armistice, of a separate peace between Hitler and Stalin, during this very time, the late spring and the early summer of 1943. Diplomatic historians have known of these contacts for the last 25 years. The more significant contacts took place in Stockholm. They were not followed up, allegedly because of Hitler's orders, even though the Russians were more than willing to pursue them. So much for the argument, beloved by the Left even now, that the Soviet Union, much more than the United States or Great Britain, was the steadfast and uncompromising leader of the War against Fascism.

The possibility of a separate Russian

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peace with Germany—for which there were precedents in Russian history—was in the mind of Churchill and of Roosevelt. They were fully aware of what the Russian contribution to the war against Germany meant. This was one of the principal causes of their in many ways extraordinary unwillingness to face the prospect of Russia's postwar ambitions concerning Europe, an unwillingness that Churchill would not relinquish until late in the war, and Roosevelt not at all. A clear evidence of Churchill's thinking may be found in the record, preserved by the then Polish government-in-exile, of his conversation with the Polish General Sikorski as early as March 1942. Churchill admitted "that his own assessment of Russia did not differ much" from Sikorski's. But Russia "was the only country that had fought against the Germans with success. She had destroyed millions of German soldiers. . . . *Should Russia come to an agreement with the Reich, all would be lost. It must not happen.*" (The italics are mine.)

A YEAR later the war was going well for the Allies. But victory was still far away, and there were ominous troubles in their relations with Russia. Again and again the Allies postponed their invasion of Western Europe. In June 1943 Stalin's letters to Churchill were full of irritation and complaint. Eventually these dark clouds passed. Those historians—mostly English and American ones—who have dealt with the subject of Allied-Russian relations during the war have not attributed much importance to this period in the long run. After 25 years of research that included publication of an article on Stalin and the prospects of a separate peace in World War II by the Czech-American V. Mastny in the *American Historical Review*, the consensus among historians has been that the danger of a Soviet-German separate peace was exaggerated and that contacts such as those in Stockholm involved minor figures and intriguers of sorts.

Thus the matter rested (if that is the word) until late 1970, when there appeared a large *History of the Second World War* by the celebrated British military historian B. H. Liddell Hart. Written shortly before his death, the volume is spotty and often mediocre, telling historians little or nothing they

did not already know. There is, however, a passage on page 488 the contents of which have since reappeared in other books dealing with Hitler or Stalin. It reads thus:

[In June 1943] Molotov met Ribbentrop at Kirovograd, which was then within the German lines, for a discussion about the possibilities of ending the war. According to German officers who attended as technical advisers, Ribbentrop proposed as a condition of peace that Russia's future frontier should run along the Dnieper, while Molotov would not consider anything less than the restoration of her original frontier; the discussion became hung up on the difficulty of bridging such a gap, and was broken off after a report that it had leaked out to the Western powers. The issue was then referred back to the judgment of battle.

This amazing statement of fact is unaccompanied by a single reference or footnote. My first inclination was to dismiss it altogether. Some of Liddell Hart's German General friends must have been pulling his leg, or exaggerating a rumor they had heard elsewhere. In sum, an uncritical statement in a book composed by this British military guru in his dotage. How incredible it all is! The foreign ministers of the two greatest continental powers, mortal enemies in more than one way, vaulting over their millions of soldiers locked in a struggle of life and death and over the fresh memory of millions of the dead, to confer secretly in the midst of the war.



Forget about the plausibility of their motives and their purposes. Consider merely the fact of such a meeting: no matter how secret it was, how many people must have been involved in its arrangement? Merely on the German side at least one interpreter, at least two subordinates for the purpose of recording, at least one or two technical advisers, at least a dozen people involved in the details not only of prearranging this strange rendezvous but also of arranging Molotov's flight or his passage across the German lines in the dark . . . No matter how they might have been sworn to secrecy, they would be absolved of their oath after the collapse of the Third Reich. How to account for the fact that ever since that time not a single one has come forward with this incredible story, not even during those years after the war when money and fortune awaited those who could inform the Western powers and peoples of any kind of secret collusion between Soviets and Nazis? Ribbentrop's erstwhile confidant, Kleist, who wrote in 1950 a book about German-Soviet contacts both before and during the war, did not mention anything of the kind.¹ Still, references to the Kirovograd meeting keep cropping up in a variety of books, among them in Robert Payne's recent biography of Hitler.

THERE IS one element which lends some substance to the belief that in May or June 1943 something was going on between Moscow and Berlin that was much more important than rumors and intrigues by minor agents in Stockholm. All of the sources agree on one point: the principal subjects of the discussions (if that is the proper term) between Berlin and Moscow involved territory, *pur et simple*: the frontiers of Russia. In 1971 there appeared a small scholarly volume in Stockholm, written and edited by Thede Palm, reproducing the Finnish record of the secret Finnish-Soviet armistice negotiations of 1944; something on page 88

¹ Nor did Hitler, which is an important point, since in one of Hitler's last world-political conversations, recorded by Bormann on February 15, 1945, Hitler expatiated upon all of the reasons which, to him, had made war with Russia "inevitable." He felt he had to justify this war for the sake of posterity. On other occasions in these series of talks Hitler often referred to his attempts to make peace with Churchill. He made no references to any such attempt with Stalin, even as he kept repeating his admiration for the latter.

caught this writer's eye. It is March 29, 1944; the place is Moscow; and Molotov is speaking to the Finnish delegates who are imploring him to allow Finland to keep some slices of Finnish territory that Russia tore away after the Winter War:

Molotov: "[this] would imply a modification of the peace treaty. Germany tried to force us to do such a thing and to subdue us, but she will suffer a crushing defeat . . ."

[Later] Molotov: ". . . The basic purpose of our war is to reestablish our old boundaries. Germany did not understand this, but after the present war she will remember it for many years to come . . ."

That the vital difference between Germany and Russia in 1943 involved the question of frontiers is certain. That secret contacts existed between Berlin and Moscow in 1943 is also certain. And there remains this intriguing phrase by Molotov: "Germany tried to force us to do such a thing."

On June 11, 1943 Ribbentrop spoke to the Italian Ambassador Alfieri: "Anyhow, today an agreement with the Russians is impossible because both parties retain their vital claims to the Ukraine. In six months perhaps the situation would be different." One step toward the "solution" of the Kirovograd "mystery" would be to trace Ribbentrop's movements, day by day, during the last three weeks of May and the first ten days of June in 1943. Assiduous German researchers have compiled such a log for Hitler; perhaps it would be possible to compile a log of his Foreign Minister's everyday movements.

That the ending of the war with Russia would have put the German Reich in an immeasurably advantageous position vis-a-vis the Western Allies is obvious. That in 1943 such a prospect offered much to the Russians must also be kept in mind: had they been able to recover their 1940 frontiers through an accord with the Germans they would have emerged from the contest of giants with much greater power and prestige. Instead of bleeding themselves white in the fight with Germany while the Western democracies were slowly, all too slowly, preparing their endgame (the final invasion of Europe from the West), the Russians could lick their wounds and watch the struggle between the Third Reich and the Atlantic democracies, with Russia

and Communism gaining in prestige and power and influence every passing day. The Russian government at least was suspicious of the Western capitalist democracies, and frustrated with the deliberate slowness of the military advance of the latter. That there may have been some division in the Politburo to this effect was suggested by Stalin's letter to Roosevelt and Churchill on June 11, 1943—containing some most ominous phrases.

That Churchill and Roosevelt knew of the contacts between Berlin and



Moscow in the early summer of 1943 is certain. As a matter of fact the Russians were not unwilling to let London and Washington know, through odd intelligence leakages, that the prospect of a separate Russian peace with Germany was, after all, a possibility, and that the Western Allies had better keep that in mind.² Still the general evidence from the British and the American state papers, as well as from Churchill's memoirs and reminiscences, is that the British feared the prospects of a Russian-German separate peace in 1943 less than they had feared a Russian Brest-Litovsk in 1941 or in 1942. This is the impression of the generally judicious official historian of British foreign policy during the last war, Sir Llewellyn

² The Germans, too, were not altogether unwilling to let the Allies know that the possibility of contact with the Russians was open to Berlin. They had done the same thing before the Nazi-Soviet Pact in 1939—when, however, it was Moscow rather than Berlin that remained secretive, in spite of its increasingly excellent position for blackmail. In the fall of 1943 Molotov went so far as to inform his allies of German peace feelers, but with a new purpose: to indicate to the Western powers Russia's steadfastness as their ally.

Woodward; and there is not much reason to believe that the recently opened British state papers contain much evidence to the contrary.

We must keep in mind that after the war it was neither in Churchill's nor in Roosevelt's posthumous interest to suppress evidence to the effect that the prospect of a separate peace between Stalin and Hitler weighed on their minds during the war. Rather the contrary: both Churchill's and Roosevelt's reputations would have been enhanced if it could be established that the concessions and the procrastinations and the illusory hopes which marked their attitudes toward Stalin during the war were the results of their somber realization of the supreme danger of Stalin's dropping out of the war altogether, making a peace with Hitler that would render the latter well-nigh invincible. Had there been a successful meeting at Kirovograd the history of the rest of the twentieth century would have been vastly different.

The mystery remains, however. What in the world made a German officer invent Kirovograd for Liddell Hart? Was there some substance to the Kirovograd story? Could it have been one of those matters that statesmen know about but will never admit even to their closest confidants? Did Churchill know that Stalin could have made peace with Hitler in the middle of the war? Even as late as September 1944, when the Western Allies had finally established their massive presence on the continent, driving toward Germany, Churchill felt, and admitted, that he could not risk a conflict with Stalin over the brutal and unscrupulous way in which the latter had abandoned the brave Poles fighting in the streets and sewers of Warsaw against the Germans. Is it possible that Churchill's florid expressions of admiration for Stalin during the war were more than characteristic effusions of sentimental, high-flown rhetoric? That Churchill was both grateful to and respectful of Stalin because the latter had decided not to relinquish his wartime alliance with the Western powers even when he was sorely tempted to do so on one crucial occasion the secret of which not only Ribbentrop but Churchill took with him to the grave? I doubt it: but let me invite knowledgeable readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, including professional and amateur historians, to open up a correspondence on this subject. □

Situation: Even Worse

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE MOOD IN Britain, as the new year began, was a strange blend of puzzlement, apprehension, and cynicism. Nobody knew quite what to expect in the next 12 months, but there was a widespread feeling that, whatever happens, things cannot continue much longer on their present course. Indeed, some very sober people have begun actually to hope for a catastrophe, because they fear that the only alternative is a continuing steady erosion of the country's economic foundations and of individual liberty.

The problems of Britain are, in part, problems common to the whole Western world—inflation, Arab blackmail, arrogant trade unionism, and the consequences of reckless electoral bribery. Other countries, and the United States not least, are clearly started down the road which Britain has been traveling: but Britain has gone exceptionally far and fast, and seems wantonly to have added a few extra elements of disaster.

Since the election last October, in which Harold Wilson's Socialist government—dominated by the unions and by its own Marxist wing—was returned, after a uniquely dishonest campaign, with a majority paper-thin but enough to let it wreak unlimited damage, matters have developed very much as predicted; which is small comfort, since what was predicted by almost every worthwhile commentator was policies made up of malice, weakness, and folly, and a heavy price to be paid for them.

In a single week recently, a succession of official figures was published, arriving like doom-laden messengers at the court of a toppling monarch. Price rises, heading for 20 per cent and above, were the sharpest yet, and wage settlements (which are tomorrow's price rises) were increasing even faster; claims amounting to 30 and 40 per cent a year were being confidently

made and effectively extorted. Britain's foreign debts had reached astronomical proportions, and the trade gap—the difference between the value of Britain's exports and the cost of her imports, most of which she needs in order to live—was yawning wider and wider. The value of the pound against European currencies had slumped to its lowest ever. And the stock market, having dropped by nearly three-quarters in less than two years, was back in real terms at the level it reached in the early 1920s.

As these storm clouds darkened and the winds blew colder, the government seemed oblivious of what was happening and careless of what impended. And, indeed, the politicians of the Conservative and Liberal Parties were little better. They all continued to play their familiar parliamentary games.

Mr. Wilson's government was, in fact, virtually helpless, tied hand and

foot by its subordination to the unions and by pledges given earlier for political reasons. It could not even attempt to control wages directly, because price controls but no wage controls had been, incredibly, one of its key election promises: and it dared not squeeze the money supply to a point which would produce any substantial degree of unemployment. Its only weapon against inflation, therefore, was the vaunted "social contract," under which the unions were supposed to restrain their demands in return for socialist policies from the government. The socialist policies were delivered all right, in plenty: but, of course, the unions continued exactly as before. The Communists, who for years have been infiltrating the unions' executive committees, began to emerge as a really powerful force. They felt things going their way, and were determined to seize the opportunity.

MEANWHILE, the left wing members of the government itself, led by Mr. Anthony Wedgwood-Benn, the Minister for Trade and Industry, were also eagerly pressing on. Taxpayers' money was lavished, not only on more and more welfare handouts, but in support of schemes for workers' control, ostensibly to save jobs in companies which were going bankrupt, and on extending the tentacles of the state further and further into the private sector of industry.

The corollary was higher taxes and larger compulsory social security contributions (but carefully tailored so that they didn't hit the average trade unionist), and still heavier imposts threatened in the spring. Extra heavy burdens were placed on the "self-employed," who do not belong to unions: right-to-work laws were repealed: and a new attack was launched on private medical practice. Even the development of the North Sea oilfields, which is so important for Britain's future, has been hindered by threats of government interference.

In order to save a little money for these socialist causes, defense cuts were announced which will make it almost impossible for Britain, in future, to take any military action outside Europe. Drastic though the cuts were, the left-wingers protested that they weren't drastic enough, because Britain is not being totally disarmed and American



Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco
"For the first time in twenty years he senses he could be right."

Mr. Lejeune is NR's London correspondent.

Fingers in the Cookie Jar

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

YEARS AGO, when freedom reigned, and the West Indies produced sugar and molasses in great quantity, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, stoned. Alcoholism was epidemic. In the middle of the seventeenth century the fifty or so students at Harvard College accounted for 270 barrels of beer in one academic year. A century later the greatest manufacturing in the American colonies was distillery. By the time our forefathers had taken the sober decision to rebel, they were exporting 600,000 gallons of rum a year. It is recorded that in the year 1807 there were forty rum distilleries in the city of Boston alone.

In England the right honorable lords, owners of sugar plantations in the British West Indies, constituted a voting bloc of great influence, something akin to the position of honor and esteem once occupied by the Silver Senators from the Great West, ah yes. Well, sir. These right honorable lords noticed that their sugar plantations weren't quite so efficient as those of the non-British West Indies (where who reigned?). Very early in the game, their worships passed enough laws in London to "protect" their sugar markets at the higher price. That was about 270 years ago.

Then in 1733 their tosspots gave a resounding Aye to the Molasses Act, which favored their captive plantations to such an extent that the American colonies would surely have rebelled then, instead of forty years later, if only their sotships had enforced their own law. The reprieve was the work of Walpole, old "salutary neglect."

After the revolution, Mr. Washington's triumph, as we should call it, a war that was so unpopular that the proportion of Americans who fled to Canada was five times the proportion of French gentry who fled to Switzerland or the Pays-Bas during the French Revolution—have another, pal. Where was I? Oh. After the grand and glorious revolution our forefathers fought in order to throw off the greedy lords far over the sea, we had freedom, right? Freedom to elect our own greedy lords and send them to Washington. How about that?

Yes, we set the sugar lords up in

Washington, with a new twist or two. Far from lining their own pockets, they established their justice upon a rock in the Caribbean, and Cuba prospered. The idea was to use sugar as a weapon of diplomacy. We would guarantee we'd buy a fixed quantity of sugar from Cuba at a horribly high price, and that kept our pals happy in Havana.

But those pesky colonials in the hinterlands kept stirring and muttering. They noted the price of cane sugar and thought they could beat that game with sugar beets. The right honorables in Washington had to establish justice upon the Rockies by restricting the acreage of the beet growers. Walpole, thou shouldst be with us at this hour! What then? All the rest of the countries saw the high price Cuba could get, and they toadied up to Uncle Sam with their tongues lolling out.

Unfortunately the domestic *refiners* ("middlemen") thought ill of the scheme that made them pay higher prices than need be; so they received allotments at favored prices. Then Cuba went cuckoo for Castro about 15 years ago and instituted the system of government known as socialism, which is characterized by forcible intervention in economic affairs. Sugar production went to zero. Cuba, the second richest Ibero-American republic, began to import foodstuffs.

Their democratic highnesses in Washington encouraged other countries around the world to increase their capacity to produce cane sugar—at the high price, of course. Throughout the 1960s, production capacity grew rapidly. The American colonists were using 12 million tons of sugar a year. They were growing about half of it on their own turf and would have grown all of it, but there was that little matter of Washington's interest in the "quota" of foreign stuff.

Came some bad crop years and a little hanky-panky with the Arabs, plus some speculative maneuvering in the futures markets, and the price of sugar began to climb.

It was reported that President Ford, in November 1974, was under "great pressure" from the "sugar interests"—pressure to extend the import quota

provisions of the Sugar Act of 1934 as amended in 1948 (actually the Molasses Act of 1733 as amended in 1934 and 1948). No newspaper report has ever described the nature and origin and characteristics of the "pressure" brought to bear upon the President by these Sugar Lords, but one can imagine the pressure must have been excruciating. The President crumbled like a cookie in the hands of a small boy. Naturally the great ones in Parliament defined the price problem as something to be corrected by self-discipline and austerity among the peasants. Mr. Ford asked us to eat less sugar—a rather common form of exhortation among rational planners. Is there some underlying reason why the government always urges the peasants to eat less, and the free market always tries to get the peasants to eat more?

WELL, the whole thing became terribly complicated. In Boston, home of rum, a "sugar boycott" was voted by the city council in Thanksgiving week. The Justice Department started talking of criminal investigations. The President's Wage and Price Council held hearings. The House Agriculture Committee held hearings. The Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of Agriculture made statements of policy. Various spokesmen complained that cane sugar, beet sugar, cane growers, beet growers, cane refiners, beet refiners, cane importers, beet exporters, candy manufacturers, and The Wrong Political Party were benefited by the President's action or nonaction.

One addled lady in Connecticut blamed it all on Big Business, using a term she must have learned in college. But the whole damned sugar fiasco was planned by Their Lordships and has been under their care for three centuries. It was a great revolution, George, but when do we get our cheap rum back? □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, an investment advisory service, and publisher of the Financial Book Digest.

Ruminations of an Intellectual Proletarian

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO, the late Seymour Harris foretold the growth of an American intellectual proletariat: that is, a mass of much-schooled youngish people, many with doctorates, for whom there would be found no employment consonant with their learning (or at least with their conceit of learning). Just that already had occurred in Latin America and elsewhere, Professor Harris knew. The most serious of the consequences of such a misguided public policy is that it forms, unwittingly, a class potentially revolutionary—disappointed, resentful, and possessed of an exalted opinion of its own unrecognized talents. Burke defined Jacobinism as the revolt of the enterprising talents of a nation against its property.

Precisely such a development has come to pass since Seymour Harris wrote. A proletarian, by definition, is a person who offers nothing to the commonwealth but his own progeny: a man rootless, lacking duties or prospects, seemingly with little to lose by a social upheaval. The zealots of America's New Left are intellectual proletarians.

With the diminishing of university and college enrollments during recent years, the expectations of many young or youngish educated people have been blasted. It does not follow that all of them, though reduced to a quasiproletarian condition, become evangelists of revolution. Among their ranks are young scholars of a conservative bent, reduced to the circumstances of "base mechanicals" because we have created more doctors than were dreamt of in any other age's philosophy.

One such is a friend of mine in Maine, dismissed from a university post as redundant, enrollments considered—and, there is good reason to suspect, because he was the only surviving conservative in his department. He is able, temperate, and personable—and nowadays he is a mason's helper. He has decided not to seek just any random opportunity to reenter the Academy.

"I concluded that I would be better off to take a menial position which was understood to be temporary than to take a position that might prove unsatisfactory and from which I would

wish to flee in short order," he writes. "In the meantime I am earning a bare living as a mason's helper. It is very demanding work, and I am quite tired at the end of the day, but I am thankful for a job that permits us to keep our savings intact and at the same time is such that I can leave in good conscience should something I like come up." He has a talented wife and two small children.

In the little industrial town where he lives now this scholar finds the schools preferable to those in the university town he quitted. "The curriculum there was progressive and innovative and, as one might expect, very much without rigor or content. Here the schools are more traditional, and, I think, more effective." His children get on well with the local kids—who, however, are surprised at finding a professor's offspring among them. "The schools do not appear to be troubled with some of the evils of other areas—drugs, lack of discipline, etc. It is a nice place to raise children."

OF COURSE my friend and his wife are "proletarians" only in outward standing. "We continue our pursuit of the understanding of the spirit," he remarks. "My wife has joined, or I should say started, a prayer group here. . . . I see in your columns that you find much of value in the writings of Charles Williams. I believe that these books of his have influenced me as much as anything I have read. The characters of Sybil in *The Greater Trumps* and the Archdeacon in *War in Heaven* have instructed me in ways that essays, philosophic and religious tracts, and even the Bible have not been able to do.

"One line of thought I have been turning over lately has been the opposition between political concerns and the spirit. I am gaining a glimmering of that opposition intimated or asserted by such as Plato, Cicero, and St. Augustine. I have lost almost all interest in political affairs and find most of them either dreary or droll. I cannot imagine myself teaching students again the intricacies of political science. I suppose I am taking one of Plato's choices—

to turn my back on the city and attempt to get my soul in order. Once my soul is in some order (with God's help), perhaps I will regain my earlier interest.

"We are comfortable and at peace with the world. I have an inner calm that I have not known for years. I have a strong belief in divine providence, and truly believe that all the minor troubles we have encountered have been for our own benefit."

AYE, with strong natures, adversity is good for the soul. Yet it's a mad world, my masters, when the hewing of wood and drawing of water is done by such as these friends of mine, while tenured mediocrity prevails on many a campus. I have known not a few colleagues in the Academy upon whose shelves the only volumes to be found are free sample copies of textbooks; meanwhile, the true enterprising talents are denied fulfillment—and may turn sour.

Were I asked to preside over a new college (which Heaven forbid), I could recruit a whole staff, admirably qualified as scholars and teachers, from among the multitude of such temporary proletarians. With selectivity, it would be a staff distinctly superior to that of most well-reputed colleges already existing. One of the defects of the typical professor is that he has been in the classroom, as pupil or teacher, all his years. The scholar-proletarians know something of the world.

And were I president of an existing college, I would draw upon the "redundant" young scholars to fill all sorts of posts now occupied by mere technicians. I would fill all vacancies upon the library's staff, for instance, with genuine scholars in some discipline or other; they could serve as adjunct professors too. Why, my very buildings and grounds crew would be made up of stalwart PhDs, awaiting more suitable preferment; intelligent people generally make the best laborers in any vineyard.

These are times in which it is some comfort to reflect that learning, like virtue, is its own reward. Read Boethius, ye well-schooled workers of the world. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Abba Eban

Rain has begun to fall with great formality. We nestle against each other, three hundred of us, under B'nai Jeshurun's massive portico eave. It's two hours and more before Abba Eban will speak. Territorial imperatives are not imperative: we fit. The crowding is soft. Jews are a most clothed people. They have special aptitude, of course, for the hat and the shawl. But also for scarves, overcoats, jackets, sweaters, vests, undershirts, maybe a *New York Post* tucked in somewhere. It's the original layered look, and crowdedness seems just another garment. Is there cylindrical room for an arm? Let an arm be sleeved there. We assimilate new individuals as a gas, chilled, will patiently compact.

My rough census counts mostly older men, older women. You've seen them before: from park benches on a sunlit afternoon they captain those squat, barge-prowed islands in the middle of Broadway. Eastern European languages simmer deep at the throat, then issue dense as chowder, frisked just perfunctorily by lips. In their alert, waiting stillness the faces engross me. I think of Malvina Hoffman's leathery Indian men and women. They are substantial, burgherish enough, yet perhaps somewhat past a prime, very like the indomitably square West End Avenue apartment buildings that crane their penthouse heads down at 88th Street.

Inside the doors I feel bareheaded, barer than that. Things accrete over six thousand years. Used to the plain, Calvinist walls of a Protestant nave, the sanctuary's ornamentation, determined and regular as scales on fishes, has given me double vision. Many hundreds can be seated and twice that number cannot. Eban draws. A thousand seats have been

provided in another room, but they want to see him. Sixty-year-old women yoga squat in the aisles, on staircases; jeopardize themselves on a high dais ledge. Side walls are wainscoted three deep with standees. Five weathered Jewish braves sit, eyes blank, cleverly deaf, in a reserved press row. The usher is helpless. Their arms are folded; their overcoats are folded: a double finality. The imperative reasserts itself. Sharp quarrels get kindled. It's a madhouse and dangerous. There are no fire laws in Leviticus.

Nudges—noodges?—pester my conversation with an attractive young lady on the left. You won't believe it. You'll think I made it up. Would that these words were notarized, certified, witnessed to by men of good standing in the community. I find a feisty, wolf-grey woman on my right. She asks:

"How long have you two been married?"

"Ah. Not. We're not," I answer.

"No? You're not. Listen—have I got a girl for you." She said that. I swear it on my father's bones. And with this opener I get fifty color photographs. Two daughters I can choose from, plus two daughters' girlfriends.



"They're all lovely. But I hate to tell you this, I'm Christian."

"What are you? One of those idiot Jews for Jesus?"

"No. I'm a real one. From birth."

"It's all right, my daughters hate Jews anyway. Give with your notebook, I'll write the phone numbers."

"Listen—"

"And give me yours. You look like the kind of snake who doesn't call."

"Listen—" The crowd roars, rises.

"So, he's lost weight. He used to have four chins, now he's only got three."

Abba comes on, and I am once again a Zionist. His head is colossal: the yarmulka on it could be half a soccer ball. While the world's most pretentious rabbi offers a prologue—comparing himself, his parents, his zeal for Israel favorably with Eban, Eban's mother, Eban's zeal—I try to locate the face. His eyes are not available: Eban has glasses the size of two rear view mirrors bridged together. Nose and cheeks and forehead can be accounted for, clearly anthropomorphic and normal, yet somehow they don't compose a face. The carpet bag mouth works, half open as when tongue inspects eyetooth, and he is someone else again, larger than mere identity. His face, with its wide, curving planes, seems the surface on which any number of faces might be applied, equipment in a police identikit.

BUT NOT the voice; that you cannot mistake. Eban is the finest orator of our generation: Cambridge Union accents, with their particular reserve and discipline, through which emotion struggles twice emotive for the restraint. Eban is brilliant *ex tempore*; a hundred minutes without one lazy hesitance. He speaks in final drafts. I have played the same phrases over and over on my tape; they don't become nonsensical, absurd as other men's words will repeated fifteen times. They hold. I cheer at B'nai Jeshurun, alone in my room I horripilate, when he says, "If anybody tells you Palestine *instead* of Israel, envisioning Israel's disappearance either by violence or by some constitutional gimmick . . . Our answer to any such proposal is—resistance. Unreserved. Implacable. Eternal. And triumphant."

The name Kissinger gets a Bronx cheer, but Eban will have none of that. "This is the golden age of American-Israeli partnership." He calls the \$2.2-billion airlift "miraculously rapid." Indeed: I doubt we would defend ourselves

that rapidly. And on the UN: "I think historians will have to say that the UN died in 1974. (Applause.) I think the openness of diplomacy is hostile to compromise. With the television cameras focused upon them statesmen do not show moderation, but they rather want to manifest their rigorous national virility. If you have a Middle Eastern dispute you really do not need Paraguay, the Maldive Islands, and Gabon. You really do not need them at all. Disinterestedness leads to irresponsibility."

It's over. We rise to sing the Israeli anthem. I am moved. I hum Hebrew. And a note is in my hands.

"Are you emotionally attached at the moment?"

I write: "Only to my wife and my sons. Forgive me."

And to Israel. I envy this sharing. Of a nation with manifest destiny. Of a language; a superb culture; a history, though savaged by catastrophe after catastrophe. And, yes: kreplach, bialies, knishes, a glass Cel-ray soda. Even such small things. There are no Protestant foods. □

THEATER

JERE REAL

A Rocking Horse Winner

"Bloody religion," snorts the irate British father, "it's our only problem in this house, but it's insuperable."

His outrage and concern are somewhat understandable: he has learned that his 17-year-old son, a shy and moody boy who works in a stable, has blinded six horses with a metal spike.

His adjective, too, is natural, the standard British expletive. But for an audience at Peter Shaffer's startling new play, *Equus* (currently at the Plymouth Theatre on Broadway), the term, like the boy's weapon, plunges more deeply. The drama, brought to New York recently after a successful London season last year, surgically probes man's continuing fascination with violent forms of belief, those passionately fanatical, sometimes sacrificial manifestations of religious ecstasy. Bloody religion, indeed.

Shaffer's dramatic theme isn't new: obsession with the more primitive emo-

tional drives inherent in extremely devout belief repeatedly has been treated in the drama and literature of our Freudian-shaped century, from D. H. Lawrence to Tennessee Williams and Carson McCullers. Shaffer's own previous work, the colorful and ritualistic *Royal Hunt of the Sun*, explored the self-sacrificial potentialities brought on by a confrontation of the Aztec and Spanish cultures.

Equus presents a psychiatric search for the reason for a specific violent act. A psychiatrist in a provincial British hospital (played by Anthony Hopkins) is given the case of the stableboy, Alan Strang (Peter Firth). In the argumentative relationship that develops between boy and doctor, Shaffer explores the boy's mental process—the usual ploy of psychiatric thrillers—but he additionally attempts, quite successfully, to set up and comprehend the elemental struggles in Everyman's concept of his individual world.

The boy Alan has been trapped between his zealously religious mother and his socialist-atheist father. The boy, as a result, creates a new mythic belief all his own, one in which horses are gods ("equus," the script conveniently tells an audience sacrificed to modern education, is "the Latin word for horse"). The boy's new gods produce both spiritual and sexual joy, a state symbolically enacted at the end of Act I when the union between boy and beast is completed and the satisfied Strang

the coupling of man and animal can produce a type of grandeur, an intensification of religious experience, unknown in an era of commercial jingles and electrical appliances. In this sense, the boy is not unlike the repressed Army private in Carson McCullers' *Reflections in a Golden Eye* who rode naked through the Fort Benning forests.

Earlier, Strang had been attracted, his mother tells his doctor, to more "normal" religious images; he liked, for example, a picture of Christ ascending Calvary "loaded with chains" while the centuries "were really laying on the stripes." His father's objection to such "kinky" pictures causes the boy to change his worship to more Dionysian forms.

Of course, that traditional civil war of the psyche, the Apollonian and Dionysian struggle—the stress created between our simultaneous desires for, on the one hand, order, restraint, and rationality, and, on the other, passion, power, and violence—is evoked. Thomas Mann utilized the same confrontation in his *Death in Venice*, where the disciplined, craftsmanlike novelist Aschenbach fatally collided with his passionate vision, the boy-god Tadzio.

WHAT is most gratifying about *Equus*, however, is the play's rich complexities, a characteristic raising it far above, say, the superficial political posturing of a David Rabe. Its principals, doctor and boy, are filled with ambiguity. If the boy is to return to "normal," he must lose the very meaningful religious sense he has developed; similarly, the analyst has come to have doubts about his psychiatric "religion" and about his role in it as priest or savior. Dysart, the psychiatrist, recognizes also that the boy he is treating has experienced "a passion more ferocious than I have felt in any second of my life." His own life is marked by a sterile marriage ("brisk," he terms it) and a vicarious attraction to pagan instincts via art books on Mediterranean cultures. In one ironic outburst, he summarizes his gnawing doubts:

... he [the boy] stands in the dark for an hour, sucking the sweat off his God's hairy chest! Then in the morning, I put away my books on the cultural shelf,



slides, ecstatically purged, from the back of the animal he has urged to "bear me away."

Central to the playwright's dramatic concept is the idea of the horse as totemic animal, a creature-symbol of male power, an emblem of transcending mastery. Young Strang has come to understand intuitively, with his viewing and appreciation of television cowboys, that

Jere Real is completing a critical study of Noël Coward's plays.

close up the Kodachrome snaps of Mount Olympus, touch my reproduction statue of Dionysus for luck—and go off to hospital to treat him for insanity.

What makes *Equus* truly superb theater are the two dazzling performances by Hopkins and Firth. Playing against a starkly functional setting that suggests—with its on-stage seating of part of the audience—a large operating theater in a clinic, the two actors can build and shape their confrontation as pure stichomythic drama, free of extraneous distractions. Hopkins' staccato delivery provides verbal jabs which are perfect counterpoint to young Firth's initial restrained resentment and later his frenzied memories.

CERTAINLY, the intensity achieved in the scenes of the symbolic blinding of the horses, as Firth leaps naked about the stage, is as awesome as any ecstatic moment a Dionysian sect once might have provided. Firth's is a singularly spectacular performance by a young actor; it grips, shakes, and rocks an audience.

Recently Shaffer said that he was inspired to write this play after hearing of an actual attack on horses by a young boy. His play was, he said, his personal attempt to comprehend the motivations of a case of which he heard no more. With *Equus*, he has provided himself not only with a Lawrentian search into the dark night of the soul; he has also deeply explored the myth-making necessity of man. And the resulting play is, overwhelmingly, a rocking horse winner for the contemporary stage. □

DELECTATIONS

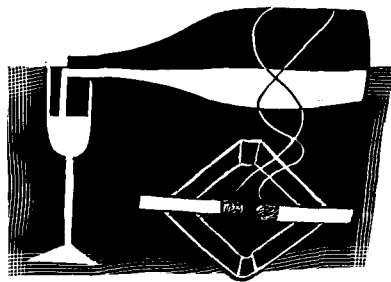
NIKA HAZELTON

A New Contest, A Different Party

On Your Mark, Get Set, Go! Here is NATIONAL REVIEW's 1975 contest:

Usually, employers give their departing employees references. But now, contestants are asked to provide references for employers, for the assistance of those engaged in job hunting. Employers may be real life, historical, or fictional people. Any references to present or past NATIONAL REVIEW personnel

disqualifies entries automatically. As many references as you like, but no more than 150 words in all. Three interesting prizes and a booby prize will be awarded by your just judges Bill Buckley, Priscilla Buckley, Joe Sobran, and Nika Hazelton. Entries must be postmarked by March 15, 1975. (Address entries to me, care of NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.)



There is such a thing as a party that is fun, easy to give, a conversation piece, and pleasingly flexible as to the number of people entertained and money spent. This is a wine and cheese tasting party, an informal affair on which you can spend as much or as little as you like, in lieu of either a cocktail party and the horror of providing cocktail food, or an evening party with a full dinner. Besides, what greater joy for old and young than to get elated for such strictly cultural reasons as judging wines and cheeses, especially French ones? I think a French wine and cheese tasting party the most interesting not only because of the range of the wines, but because French cheeses, with a very few exceptions, are the best in the world, and also readily available.

The first thing to do is to consult a good cheese shop and a reputable wine merchant about what is available, at what prices—this is especially important for the wine, where it is easy to go overboard. The wine should be good, but not necessarily the most expensive, and it should be matched to the cheeses (more on that in a minute). The setup of the party is simple—ice buckets for chilling white and rosé wines (you can get temporary ones, plastic or cardboard, from liquor or paint stores), all-purpose wine glasses (count at least two per head), cheese boards (if you don't have any, use serving platters), plates, and sharp knives. Have plenty of thinly sliced crisp French bread as well as a collection of dark breads and plain cheese crackers. Fresh fruits, such as apples, pears, and grapes, also go well

with cheese—the Danes, for instance, always serve grapes with cheese.

Quantities needed: A minimum of 4 ounces of cheese and ⅓ bottle of wine per guest. For a party of eight to 12 people, choose eight to ten cheeses and three or four kinds of wine—a dry white, a rosé if you like, a light red, and a full-bodied red. Arrange the cheeses in the order of their pungency (starting with the mildest) and arrange the wines so that they will be drunk with the appropriate cheeses. Before I go into details about cheese and wines, I must stress that all this is flexible, to be geared to personal tastes, number of guests, and the amount of money you want to spend.

FRENCH CHEESES come in about six basic categories. Double and triple creams include Bellétoile, Boursault, Boursin (plain, or herb or spice flavored), Gervais, Petit-suisse. Dry white wines go well with these, such as Sancerre, Muscadet, Graves, or an Alsatian Sylvaner, Riesling, or Traminer. Soft-ripened cheeses include Brie, Camembert, Caprice des Dieux, Coulommiers, and Fol Amour. The dry white wines mentioned earlier would be suitable, as well as other whites, such as Seyssel (from Savoie) or a Macon Blanc (from Burgundy), and light reds, such as a Beaujolais (Juliéas, Fleurie, or Moulin-à-Vent). Of course you can also serve a more robust red from Bordeaux, a St. Emilion or Médoc, which also tastes great with the semi-soft cheeses such as Beaumont, Bonbel, Pont-l'Évêque, Port-Salut, Reblochon, and St. Paulin. All the wines from Bordeaux, Burgundy, and the Rhone Valley are fine with the blue cheeses, the Bleu de Bresse and Roquefort. I think the French goat cheeses—Banon, Montrachet, Pyramide, St. Marcellin, and Ste. Maure—taste better with robust white wines and light reds than with the great reds, but that is a matter of opinion. Some people like them with the French rosés from Anjou or with a Tavel. There are also French process cheeses, such as La Grappe and Gourmandise, which are popular and go with red wine; I personally don't particularly care for them, but others do.

All this goes to show the variety possible in wine and cheese tasting, French style. It isn't the only style, however. What about a selection of Italian or American wines and cheeses? The delicious possibilities are endless. □

BOOKS

The Other Imperialists

DANIEL OLIVER

The Price of Perfect Justice

By Macklin Fleming

Basic Books, 196 pp., \$10

The title alone is worth the price of the book. Justice has been eluding us since Plato; perfect justice hides beyond hubris, the search for it an attempt to improve on the Divine Plan like, say, introducing the Fair Labor Standards Act into the parable of the laborers—an attempt that ends, justly for those who try to better God, in disaster.

A learned piece in the morning paper questions the effectiveness of the police in preventing criminal activity. A few weeks ago, the FBI released last year's statistics showing a double digit increase in crime. While the federal courts are off determining the constitutionally permissible length and location of a schoolboy's hair, Escobedo, Everyman's criminal, is arrested—again. And the people despair.

They have good reason. Very simply, the criminal justice system doesn't work. How and why it doesn't work is explained by Macklin Fleming, a distinguished judge of the California Court of Appeal, in this small, very readable volume. But the book is not only about the failure of criminal justice. Judge Fleming also catches our judges in mid-legislation, busily proving that bad law is not made by hard cases alone.

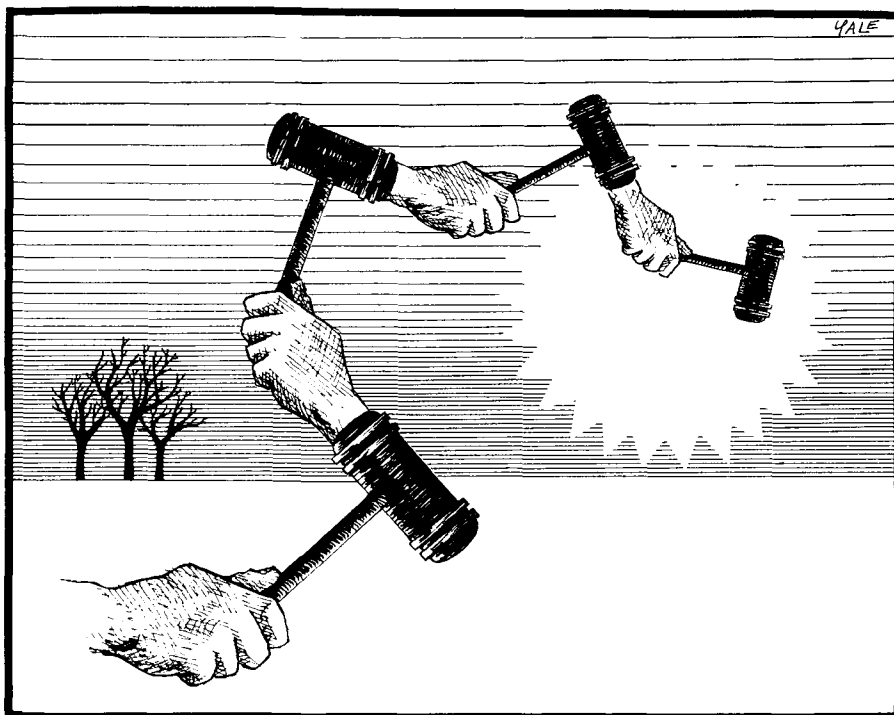
Fleming first deals with procedure, perfection of which requires continued honing. An essential fault of our judicial system is its lack of finality. A defendant who loses his case in his state's highest court—and Fleming's book makes it abundantly clear that to lose a defendant must be a fool as well as a knave—can get two whole sets of review: first in the state system, and then, courtesy habeas corpus, in the federal courts.

But a defendant need not wait for conviction in a state court. He can take the offensive, allege a violation by the state of one of his constitutional rights, and ask a federal court to enjoin the state from prosecuting him—at least while that particular question is being settled. The price of having state courts ever subject to federal review? Habeas corpus petitions by state prisoners increased from 89 in 1940 to 12,000 in 1970.

Judge Fleming outlines some of the

almost limitless games defendants play: a defendant has 26 different occasions for attacking the validity of a search and seizure; he can attack the constitutionality of the state law; he can bring a civil rights action against the state officials; he can question the qualifications of the judge, or the make-up of the jury. Or he can play a game with a Catch 22 that Fleming calls

"Waive the Lawyer." The defendant requests permission to dismiss his counsel and represent himself. (Naturally he delays his request until moments before trial so that if it is granted, the trial will be further delayed while he prepares himself, during which time evidence may get lost, witnesses may die, or the judge may be offered the job of head of the FBI.) The defendant wins the game if the court makes an insufficient examination into his ability to represent himself. If the court denies his request he will, of course, if he is convicted, appeal on that ground. But even if the court grants it, he can appeal on the ground that the court allowed him to represent himself after making an inadequate inquiry, in which it failed to discover that he was in fact not capable of representing himself, under which circumstances he was not really represented in court—clearly a viola-



tion of his constitutional right. And so on.

In Part III, "Perfect Justice in Operation," Fleming reviews attempts at substantive perfection, i.e., the laws judges have made. E.g., the one man/one vote requirement for state legislative representation; abolishing the poll tax; etc. One shouldn't have to dislike the results to disapprove of the method—not, surely, in the post-Watergate era when we have become so sensitive about excessive power residing in any one branch of government.

JUDGE FLEMING has written a most valuable book, in which he makes conclusively the case that we are suffering at the hands of an Imperial Judiciary. Its power, he proposes, should be curtailed by our legislatures, and can be curtailed without launching us into a judicial dark age. After all, England's criminal justice system works expeditiously but without any suggestion of barbarism. While not all of Fleming's material will be surprising to people who have observed the courts' boundless arrogance, Fleming has collected the cases and effectively defrocks the judges. They are now conspicuous as the people's enemy. What Watergate did to the imbalance of power between the executive and the legislative branches of the Federal Government, Fleming's book could do to the mystic inviolability of the judiciary. If there were a Woodward and Bernstein to follow up the story. □

FICTION

The Glory of the Hummingbird

By Peter De Vries

Little, Brown, 276 pp., \$6.95

PETER'S PRINCIPLES

CHARLES NICOL

When Peter De Vries is at his best, he should be read by everyone with a sense of humor. This time he is at his best.

The Glory of the Hummingbird is doubly a comic novel, since it is funny all the way and it has a happy ending. These are two quite different things, for the first is art, the second, philosophy. De Vries' characters are trapped in the same stickum as the rest of us, slowly struggling through the tar pits, watching

their legs pump in slow motion, wondering whether it's too late to turn back, but they have two immense advantages: their language is superior, and they eventually learn their limitations.

Jim Tickler, our narrator and hero, grew up in the town of Wabash, in Wabash County, Indiana, one of eight children. Although he presents his childhood reminiscences as object lessons, as what he intends to avoid in his own life, they are among the best scenes in the book. The perils of this Middle American small town include the local dancing school and a stultifyingly boring minister. Jim's father, who would rather have been a gypsy, darkly expresses his dissatisfaction by sleepwalking and playing the tuba, "the most intestinal of instruments, the very lower bowel of music." His mother studies the Bible, saves green stamps toward a divorce, and cooks a special dessert, "a peach that tasted as though it had been poached in cologne." Jim escapes to Chicago (a few counties away), and soon finds his niche in life's honeycombed wall, marrying his girl and joining her father's advertising firm (he starts his career by christening a new brand of weenies "Hot Diggety Dogs").

BUT Jim doesn't know when he's well off. His successes only generate ambition. He yearns to fly with the jet set, "with the glory of the hummingbird." After designing a dubiously honest advertising contest for one of his clients, he becomes the star of a rigged TV quiz show obviously modeled on television's \$64,000 fraud. No matter that this scandal actually occurred a long time ago; in De Vries' world it just happened, and Tickler's appropriate reward for beating the Van Dorens of the Eastern Establishment with his solid Middle Western knowledge of the Bible is an invitation to a White House dinner with Richard and Spiro. He has arrived, and he is suitably impressed. But this is Jim's last supper; another "contestant" gets religion, spills the beans, and hands them over on a plate. A friend advises, in one of those wonderful mixed clichés De Vries loves to construct, "head for the tall timber if you have to, hopefully so it'll all blow over." Jim resigns from his agency and confesses his errors to a congressional committee. So much for fame.

Still, Jim's motives, like everyone else's, had been partly on the side of the angels. He had been giving all his quiz winnings to charity. But a man with his feet planted firmly in both camps

soon finds himself doing the splits. And Jim has apparently learned nothing from this fiasco, since his new, clean job (with a consumer protection group) has its own dirty strings attached (an affair with its lady director). This last bit of flitting loses our hummingbird his wife. De Vries seems to have his own version of the Peter Principle: people who have reached their level of incompetence will become corrupted by attempting to advance further.

Eventually Jim settles back to his own level, getting back his marriage, his old job, and his equilibrium. If his moral, "there's nothing like a fall from grace to land you in people's graces," seems a bit smug, it's also bittersweet, and belongs in a world we recognize as our own. Stick with the life you're good at—it sounds so sensible it's funny. Once burned, twice happy. □

Aldous Huxley, A Biography

By Sybille Bedford

Knopf/Harper, 769 pp., \$15

PSYCHEDELIC SCHOOLMASTER

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

The Arnolds and the Huxleys had schoolmastering in their blood. Had they come to prominence in the seventeenth century no doubt they would have been Protestant divines, but by the nineteenth century their religion had become ghostly or died of science and their theology turned into ethics and sensibility. Physical and psychological stamina declined along with faith, and Aldous as an artist and as a thinker was a striking example of attractive but attenuated vitality. He began his public career as a schoolmaster; and his last years, lecturing, chiefly at universities, only served to underline the pedagogic intention of most of what he wrote.

Sybille Bedford's intensely personal and exhaustively detailed biography of Aldous Huxley permits an assessment of this remarkable man. Whatever our reservations concerning Huxley either as a thinker or as an artist we must all confess our debt to him. To a very considerable extent we see the world through his eyes. He was prophetic in identifying the anxieties and concerns

RANDOM NOTES

■ **JUST OUT:** Anthony Burgess pictures America today as the citadel of crime, vulgarity, and mess in his new novel, *The Clockwork Testament or Enderby's End* (Knopf, \$5.95). . . . *The Pulse of Freedom* is an admiring history of the ACLU by staffer Alan Reitman (Norton, \$12.50). . . . Remember Eric Partridge's classic, *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*? Now some 50,000 pre-1914 words have been extracted to form *The Macmillan Dictionary of Historical Slang* (\$25). For the same house, Chaim Bermant explores Jewish family life in *The Walled Garden* (\$12.95). . . . One publisher contracted for William Safire's study of the Nixon White House *Before the Fall*, then rejected it. Now Doubleday is bringing it out (\$12.50). . . . *The Evening Colonnade* is a collection of the late Cyril Connolly's criticism (Harcourt, \$15).

■ **PAPERBACKS.** From Dell, Marvin and Bernard Kalb's *Kissinger* (Feb., \$1.95). . . . Next month, three from Macmillan at \$3.95 each: *Jane's Pocket Book of Modern Tanks and Armored Fighting Vehicles*, *Jane's Pocket Book of Military Transport and Training Aircraft*, and *Jane's Pocket Book of Light Aircraft*. From the same house, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn: *Critical Essays and Documentary Materials* in-

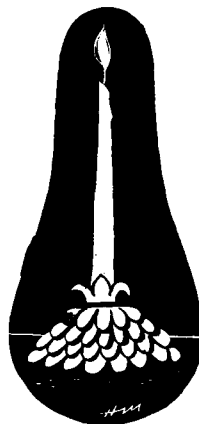
cludes work by the subject himself and over thirty other contributors including Djilas, Medvedev, Kennan, Philip Rahv, Mary McCarthy, Heinrich Böll, and Irving Howe (March, \$4.95). . . . Just out from Berkley, William Buckley's *Four Reforms* (\$1.25).

■ **PERIODICALS.** Circulation figures from publishers' annual sworn statements for fall 1974 issues nearest to filing date: *American Opinion*—46,000; *Atlantic*—341,000; *Barron's*—219,000; *Battle Line* (American Conservative Union)—41,000; *Business Week*—748,000; *Capitalist Reporter*—81,000; *Church and State* (Americans United for Separation of Church and State)—122,000; *Commentary*—57,000; *The Critic*—22,000; *Esquire*—1,237,000; *First Monday* (Republican National Committee)—166,000; *Forbes*—626,000; *Harper's*—337,000; *Human Events*—70,000; *Money*—519,000; [MORE]—16,000; *National Catholic Register*—86,000; *National Catholic Reporter*—40,000; *National Observer*—507,000; *National Review*—100,000; *New Guard* (Young Americans for Freedom)—6,000; *New Republic*—93,000; *Newsweek*—3,147,000; *New Times*—159,000; *New York*—362,000; *New Yorker*—489,000; *New York Review of Books*—93,000; *Psychology Today*—999,000; *Reason*—12,000; *Ripon Forum*—3,000 (actually 2,546); *Saturday Review*—555,000; *Time*—4,270,000; *Triumph*—7,000; *U.S. News*—2,077,000; *Variety*—38,000; *Washington Monthly*—22,000.

of Western middle class intellectuals, and his own shift from science to consciousness foreshadowed a transition our society was on the point of making. The decline of the expert and the rise of the guru as the model teacher was prefigured by Aldous Huxley. His enthusiasms for ecology and population control antedated by a quarter of a century contemporary concerns. He invented the dystopian novel when he published *Brave New World* in 1932. His distrust of technology, while not original among the humanist intellectuals of the Thirties, was at least informed (as theirs rarely was). Finally, his book *The Doors of Perception*, published in 1954, had a tremendous missionary role in popularizing the so-called "consciousness expanding" drugs.

He was a good, lovable though rarely loving man. His instincts were all decent and his behavior invariably generous. While not a genius, he was extraordinarily perceptive. He did many things out of kindness which other men can bring themselves to do only out

of love and commitment. That he attracted the love and total devotion of so extraordinary a woman as Maria Nys is testimony to his unusual goodness and fineness of character. Indeed, this biography is a double biography and Maria Nys emerges from it as a co-equal figure.



One wonders, indeed, what Aldous Huxley would have been without her. She saw with the inner eye what Huxley perceived only through ratiocination and intellectual abstraction. One may, at the end of this biography, have one's doubts about Aldous; one cannot help falling in love with Maria.

Lovable though not really loving; that I suppose best characterizes the man and his work. No doubt his emo-

tional life was vitiated by his inability to accept the human condition. For Huxley life was too messy; sickness, disease, evil, death, and all the commonplace unpleasantness of human existence, too appalling. Sex disgusted him and yet nagged at him with a humdrum persistence. He had a Manichean turn of mind and spent the better part of his life trying to melt and purge away this all too solid flesh. He would have liked to turn it into light and the higher consciousness, but the flesh, being what it is, obdurately held its own. And so the Huxleys tinkered with transcendence. They tried in turn and simultaneously mediums, soothsayers, clairvoyants, gurus, quacks, and doctors of every description. Diet fads, psychotherapeutic techniques, mystical literature, and finally psychedelic nostrums, all held out the hope to Aldous that at last he would be cured of his humanity. Alas, he was stuck with "brother ass the body" and the only real cure was death.

ALDOUS HUXLEY was smart enough to know that politics cannot cure the conditions which nature has imposed. In the charged political world of the past half century he was surprisingly unpolitical. He is also surprisingly unheroic. No doubt his lack of heroism was due to the absence of the tragic vision and a sense of tragedy in himself. His failure as a satirist, the note which separates his attempts at satire from the satire of Swift, was his inability to accept the givens of life, mock them, and fight back strongly and cleverly, knowing all the while that the battle is lost. All of which is to say that he had a bourgeois and not an aristocratic mind.

Huxley's way was a method of escaping the trammels of historical reality and the human condition, not through the solution of problems in the real world but rather through inducing a social and psychological dream state. Such utopias of transcendent conscious-

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ness are conceivable only in a class for which the more rudimentary and elementary problems of scarcity, hunger, poverty, and ignorance no longer have any importance. They are the dream world creations of a class which no longer directs its energies outward to the world but which has turned inward to the landscape of the psyche. An altered consciousness is the luxury of those who have a full stomach and an empty heart. □

Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders

By Vincent Bugliosi, with Curt Gentry
Norton, 502 pp., \$10

KILLING FOR LOVE

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

I have been putting off the review of this appalling and haunting book for nearly a month now.

I have read parts of it several times. I have stared at the pictures of Charles Manson and those horrifyingly normal looking girls—Sandy, Squeaky, Leslie, Ouisch—for what seems like years. I have seen them in my sleep. And I still don't know what to say.

It's not that the book is badly written or hard to follow. From the day in August 1969 when Sharon Tate and four friends were butchered by members of the Manson family, until the day in March 1971 when Manson and three of his girls were convicted of murder, the story is laid out intelligently and comprehensively by Bugliosi, the Manson trial prosecutor, and his coauthor, Curt Gentry.

The book is big, rich in detail, but it moves rapidly. There is the fascination of the detective story, as Bugliosi describes his investigation of the case, an investigation which badly upstaged the uncoordinated efforts of a blundering Los Angeles Police Department. There is the drama of the courtroom, narrated through large chunks of transcripts. And finally, of course, there are the characters themselves.

And that's the problem. How do you talk about American middle class kids reveling in an orgy of butchery?

How do you deal with this?

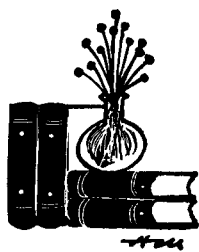
"It felt so good the first time I stabbed her, and when she screamed at

me it did something to me, sent a rush through me, and I stabbed her again. . . . It's like a sexual release. . . . Especially when you see the blood spurting out. It's better than a climax."

That's Susan Atkins describing the stabbing of Sharon Tate. Later, she notices the blood on her hands and licks it off. "Wow, what a trip . . . It's warm and sticky and nice!"

Another scene. Patricia "Katie" Krenwinkel, Leslie Van Houten, and Tex Watson are in the process of butchering Leno and Rosemary La Bianca the night after the Tate murders. Susan Atkins describes Katie wandering into the living room with a fork in her hand: ". . . she looked at the man's stomach and she had the fork in her hand and she put the fork in the man's stomach and watched it wobble back and forth. She said she was fascinated by it."

Katie, incidentally, had been "a Bluebird, Camp Fire Girl, and Job's Daughter, and belonged to the Audubon Society." Tex was described by those who knew him as an "all-American boy." Leslie had been a high school homecoming princess.



To be sure, the dozens of strays attracted to Manson were unstable. Running away to live in a commune is not an act of stability. But the gap between becoming school homecoming princess and butchering people cannot be bridged by an explanation that takes into account mere instability or unhappy home lives. Nor is the explanation entirely Manson himself, at least as he is presented here. His hold on his followers was obviously fierce and total. But why?

TRUE, he did hit many of the chords that the strays of the neo-romantic Sixties would automatically respond to. The religion of which he was the prophet was a blend of Scientology, the teachings of The Process, or Church of the Final Judgment, and Beatles music (Helter Skelter, Manson's term for the race war he hoped to bring on, comes from a Beatles song).

Manson preached a total religion and philosophy, using all the in-terms of Sixties alienation, and there is no doubt that his "family" swallowed it all

whole. If the Sixties taught us anything, they should have taught us that when the values and beliefs that children have been trained to accept come crashing down, a new set of values comes rushing in to replace them.

But does that sufficiently explain it? Bugliosi doesn't think so. After struggling manfully to sum up Manson, he surrenders: "I tend to think that there is something more, some missing link that enabled him to so rape and bastardize the minds of his followers that they would go against the most ingrained of all commandments."

WHAT IS that something more that has caused, according to Sandy, at least 35 killings? (The family, Bugliosi believes, is still active, carrying out "retaliation killings." And Manson and the girls are up for parole in 1978.) What is that something more that led a semiliterate, subnormal, stumpy little jailbird in his thirties suddenly to develop an unexpected and unexplained streak of charisma? I don't know, and neither does Bugliosi. But there's a strangely familiar thread running through the descriptions of Manson—his attitude toward animals, for instance, his animal-skin clothes, his carefully orchestrated sexual ceremonies that sound much like secular black masses.

There is the constant testimony to magical powers—and even Bugliosi, the epitomization of the rational man, seems to half believe that Manson stopped his watch in court by looking at it.

And then there are the girls—the festive, frantic debauchery, the total and profound confusion of values. We kill because we love, they tell us over and over.

It's all very simple, a religious friend tells me. Manson fits precisely the age-old description of a man possessed by Satan. And the girls behave exactly like witches who have made a pact with the devil. (At one point in the trial they rise and chant, apparently in unison, in an ancient tongue.) In a letter, Susan Atkins says: "In killing someone phisally [*sic*] you are only releasing the soul." Is there any greater love? Corinthians tells us much the same thing: "To deliver such a one [a fornicator] unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved . . ." Simple. Serving Satan and killing for love. It's by far the most

sensible explanation for the Manson murders, if you believe Satan is still at work in the world.

But we don't believe that anymore, do we? □

Gerald Ford and the Future of the Presidency

By J. F. terHorst

The Third Press, 245 pp., \$9.95

IKE'S LEGATEE

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

In a televised interview broadcast on the evening of August 7, 1974 Bud Vestal, veteran Grand Rapids reporter and author of a punky book *Jerry Ford Up Close*, suggested that if President Jerry Ford "just sat in the White House and let Kissinger coddle the Arabs and Israelis, delegated economic policy to competent and honest men, told the truth to the people, and raised taxes on economic fat cats, he could become a folk hero." Ah, the gentlemen of the fourth estate: it is hard to say whether they are more naive when they are trying to be dastardly or when they are striving toward benevolence. Nothing is more certain as of this writing than that Jerry Ford is at present nobody's hero, and that he is highly unlikely to be a folk hero within my lifetime—although he has followed Vestal's prescription to the dot, save for butchering tomcats. Mr. terHorst is somewhat more guarded in his prognostications, which he couches in the prudent conditional: "Nominated as Vice President in 1973 by a Republican President but ratified only after massive support from Democrats in the House and Senate, Ford is the closest thing to a bipartisan Chief Executive this country has ever seen. . . . Ford could do . . . much to rebuild the center of American political ideology, thereby aiding both parties. There are millions of American voters who do not know whether they are more Democratic than Republican or vice versa."

Well, perhaps the President could in fact be the man for this (at bottom) impossible job. Much of terHorst's evidence suggests that Ford is, and has been, essentially a moderate fellow, both personally and politically. Some months ago James Reston pronounced

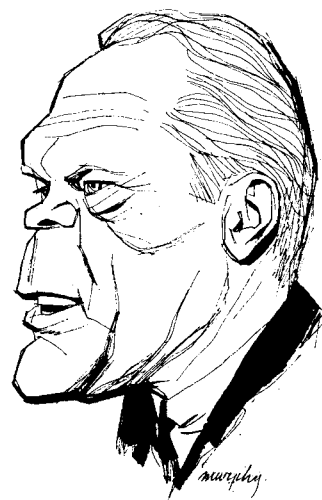
Ford's voting record as a congressman to be "unfunny." And yet—in the eyes of a columnist for the *New York Times*—there must be many less comic. Consider the evidence.

Ford concluded early in his political career that his position within the Republican Party was that of the centrist. Back in 1940, he supported Wendell Willkie for the Republican nomination, thus allying himself with the Party's liberal wing. He returned from the Navy in 1945 a convinced internationalist, and when he decided to run for Congress in 1948 he took on the isolationist incumbent in Michigan's Fifth District—Barney Jonkman, a sturdy Dutch bourgeois. "Jonkman," Ford has said, ". . . had become the darling of the *Chicago Tribune*. He really began the whole McCarthy era in a way. Long before McCarthy picked it up, Jonkman was speaking out about the 'Communists' in the State Department." Ford, defeated his opponent and went to Washington, where true to his internationalist beliefs—very much those of a cold warrior—he voted in favor of preserving Harry Truman's Point Four program. As the Republicans carried into 1952 their search for an ambulatory presidential candidate, Ford joined 18 House Republicans—mainly moderate, liberal Easterners of the likes of Herbert Brownell—to send General Eisenhower a letter urging him to return to the United States from his NATO command to enter the primaries.

IN 1963 Charles Goodell rode at the head of a posse, the so-called Young Turks, that grabbed the chairmanship of the House Republican Conference from Charles Hoeven, protégé of the moss-back Minority Leader, old Charlie Halleck, and lodged it upon the person of Jerry Ford: on January 4, 1965, the Turks followed up their victory by getting Ford elected Minority Leader. ("It wasn't as though everybody was wildly enthusiastic about Jerry," said then Representative Robert P. Griffin. "It was just that most Republicans liked and respected him. He didn't have enemies.") In the same month, *Fortune* carried an article by Jerry himself, which argued that the party had a responsibility to develop "a workable program based on the high middle ground of modernization." Soon after Johnson's State of the Union Message in 1967, Ford went before the Repub-

lican leadership in a special televised evening session, to present 44 State of the Union proposals of his own creation. They included such programs as federal revenue sharing, congressional reform, higher Social Security and veterans benefits, and an industrial youth corps for the antipoverty effort.

Indeed terHorst points out—as does Vestal—that while in the early 1950s the Americans for Democratic Action were rating Ford's voting record at 30 to 40 per cent, they were by 1955 awarding him a score of 50 per cent, which in 1957 they boosted to 57 per cent, and in 1966 to 67 per cent. After



that, Ford began to produce acute acidosis in the liberal gut by his votes against an appropriation for the Office of Economic Opportunity, a Model Cities program, and rat control. In 1968 he got himself into serious trouble, not only with liberals and Democrats but also with his own constituency, when he opposed a bill outlawing racial discrimination in housing. He was brought round by Charles Goodell and argues today that he voted for the final passage of all civil rights amendments.

In all of this, it is hard to discern the activities of the carapaced reactionary that seems to be Ford, popularly viewed. Of himself, the President has said: "I am a moderate in domestic affairs, an internationalist in foreign affairs, and a conservative in fiscal policy," thus drawing distinctions that recall most clearly President Eisenhower's famous remark about the virtues of being in human matters a liberal, and in money matters a conservative. The Eisenhower years—

Ford's first under a Republican President and, for a time, a Republican Congress—were after all the formative ones in his career. Jerry Ford, I submit, is essentially an unreconstructed Modern Republican whom the years have perhaps, from the liberals' point of view, somewhat calcified.

All of which is of even greater interest in the context of Gerald Ford's relationship over the years with Richard Nixon—a relationship which terHorst describes without much scrutiny. Yet, there seems to me much to scrutinize.

FORD AND Nixon met upon the former's arrival in Washington in 1949. According to terHorst, the two men "hit it off right from the start. . . . Nixon seemed to envy the ease with which the All-American football player moved among his fellow congressmen; Ford was impressed with Nixon's political acumen. They spent a lot of time together, 'bulling around' on the problems of their congressional districts and the postwar course of the country." With Nixon's translation into Vice President, Ford saw all sorts of advantages open to him. Four years later, when the sinister Harold Stassen promoted the "Dump Nixon" movement, Ford brought to bear his weight in the "Save Nixon" campaign. In 1960, Ford was enthusiastic over the Nixon presidential candidacy and had hopes too of being chosen for second spot on the ticket. In 1968 Ford was markedly disappointed when Spiro Agnew was named the Republican running mate.

What have we here? In my estimation, the portrait of a relationship whose nature Ford never clearly fathomed. Until Nixon's departure from his own hallowed orthodoxies, Ford seems truly to have believed that he and Nixon were fundamentally of similar persuasions. Yet one wonders. Ford was one of the original Eisenhower men, and hence a supporter in the Fifties of his party's liberal Eastern wing—which Nixon, as a Western conservative, was expected by his presence on the '52 ticket to balance. Early in the Eisenhower Presidency, Nixon's antisubversive speeches—which terHorst says "dismayed" Ford, as tending to support McCarthy's campaign—might have alerted the congressman to the differences, at the very least in style and attitude, that existed between the two men. (Interestingly, Ford later criticized Agnew for his iteration of the phrase

"law and order"—"order with justice under law," said Ford.)

A good case can be made, I think, for the theory that up until the years of the Nixon Presidency—when the President went to Peking and began otherwise acting oddly—Ford was closer, especially temperamentally but also politically, to the center of his party than was Nixon: a fact that probably penetrated Nixon's understanding much earlier, and of which he may have been particularly aware at the quadrennial conventions. But having disemboweled his Presidency and hence his bold plans for an altered party and an altered country, Nixon took supreme advantage of his old friend's stolid centrism. In so doing, however, he may indeed have taken the crucial step in moving the party back to the middle of the road, whence he had sought to move it, like an expired automobile, onto the right shoulder. By selecting Ford as his Vice President, perhaps Nixon, by supreme irony, returned his party to the real legatee of the former boss he has always so much resented—Dwight Eisenhower. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CAMPUSTOWN IN THE THROES OF THE COUNTERCULTURE 1968-1972, by Mark Graubard (*Campus Scope Press*, 415 pp., no price given). Fiction can be a better way of getting at the meaning of events than mere description. No doubt that is why Mark Graubard chose fiction to present his account of the counterculture and the campus revolution. It enabled him to concretize it, to speculate on the personalities involved, and dramatically to unfold the story through the eyes of witnesses. Graubard is not a skilled novelist. Yet, though his fictionalization at times wears thin and is interrupted by lectures and arguments put in the mouths of various protagonists, he has written a gripping book. The events described are fortunately past. They are already being romanticized by those who foolishly or maliciously instigated them, by those weak enough to be swept away by them, and by those too cowardly to resist. Professor Graubard's book is a welcome reminder. It is an accurate description of what happened and why. It explains why most academic institutions turned out to be soft as pudding, as soft as their faculties and, worse, their administrations and trustees, when some students decided that more fun could be had by destroying them than by learning within

them. Professor Graubard obviously lived through it all. Writing this book must have been a catharsis for him, and it will be for his readers too. And they will learn from it. Whether academicians and administrators will, heaven only knows. After devoting themselves to youth culture, many of them are now, you know, into affirmative action and open admissions.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

THE ULTRA SECRET, by F. W. Winterbotham (*Harper*, 199 pp., \$8.95). In 1939 British Intelligence had broken the code used by Hitler and his generals. A remarkable machine code-named Ultra was intercepting and deciphering Nazi strategy before its receipt by German field commanders. Directed by RAF Group Captain Winterbotham, Ultra literally turned the tide of the war by providing Allied commanders with the foresight to parry initial disasters and ultimately seize the momentum. Viewed in the light of this coup, the miracles at Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain become more intelligible. Montgomery's luster at El Alamein is shaded by the evidence that Rommel's thrusts were monitored by Ultra. Foreknowledge of enemy positions facilitated the landings in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy. Eisenhower's anxiety over D-Day was eased as he learned that Rommel could secure neither adequate fortification nor Panzer support for the Normandy beaches. The June deadline for "Overlord" was prompted by Ultra's confirmation that the V-1 was nearly operational along the French coastline. The author further credits Allied successes at Coral Sea and Midway to intercepted Japanese codes based upon the German network. And there is more.

ALAN L. MILLER

BREAKHEART PASS, by Alistair MacLean (*Doubleday*, 178 pp., \$5.95). Alistair MacLean is one of the best suspense writers around, and this story—in which, one by one, the passengers on an Army supply train in the Old West are found murdered—picks up speed rapidly and maintains it to the last page. In fact, it is such a good suspense novel that it's a pity it is not a better novel. The characters never do anything out of character, but they seem to be without thoughts, passions, even the little tics that can make a flat character come to life. Furthermore, the setting—the American West c. 1870—seems to have been chosen simply for the convenience of the plot: Mr. MacLean pretty well gives up the attempt at local color after the first chapter, and the characters speak with very English accents. A good book to read on a plane—or, more appropriately, a train—but not to read more than once.

LINDA BRIDGES

LETTERS

(Continued from page 74)

out trade agreements for their surpluses of wool, beef, and other products. The Japanese PM icily suggested that such trade was just about impossible unless the Aussies wanted to buy some Japanese products—like, say, automobiles.
Dallas, Tex. LARGENT PARKS SR.

Warren v. the Nine Old Men

C. D. Williams' obituary of Alexander M. Bickel [Dec. 6] is flawed by his glib statement that, before the Warren Court, judicial activism had largely been limited to "holding invalid minor regulatory provisions, concerning such matters as the size of loaves of bread sold commercially." Had only such legislation been at stake, I doubt that such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis Brandeis, and Benjamin Cardozo would have so fervently criticized judicial policymaking—nor, indeed, would Franklin Roosevelt have attempted to pack the court.

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A more accurate account of pre-Warren Supreme Court activism would reflect the striking down of state minimum wage laws, of New Deal legislation, and indeed of any legislative act that violated the Court's ideas on social economics. The differences between the "Nine Old Men" of the 1930s and the Warren Court are on matters of policy, and not on the desirability of judicial activism.

For Williams to ignore past activism is equivalent to the failure of most liberal law professors (unlike Professor Bickel) to criticize the activism of the Sixties after excoriating that of the Thirties.

Berkeley, Calif.

CRAIG N. OREN

Mr. Williams Replies

Limitations of space prevent an adequate answer to Mr. Oren. The fervent criticism to which Mr. Oren refers was directed at the disregard for the rights of the states in principle, albeit in litigations involving matters which, as compared to those with which the Warren Court has dealt, I can only regard as minor in terms of social and economic importance. The invalidations of the NRA and AAA New Deal statutes were regarded as important at the time, but Congress soon found other constitutional ways of dealing with the problems to which they related. The Old Court upheld most Roosevelt legislation.

Prior to the Warren Court, the Supreme Court had, it is true, *negated* various reforms, the importance of which perhaps depends upon subjective appraisal, but it had not *commanded* major undertakings of broad but uncertain scope, such as school integration (or is it only desegregation?), nor had it profoundly disorganized such important procedures as the administration of criminal justice.

Of course my subject was Professor Bickel and my obituary was written from my point of view, which, in my opinion, was also his. I had not intended to initiate a debate on the far-reaching issue raised by Mr. Oren.

New York, N.Y.

C. D. WILLIAMS

Kilowatt War

I have always agreed with William Rickenbacker, but after reading "Classical Battle" [Dec. 20] I have to put one in the loss column.

He surely can't be advocating a war of the kilowatts for radio stations. Two stations fighting it out on the same frequency could have disastrous results. Suppose Rickenbacker's plane is approaching touchdown with ceilings and visibility at minimum. He tunes into the local glide-slope frequency and at the critical moment someone decides 100,000 watts of the Rolling Stones would be more interesting to those tuned in.

Also, he surely must realize that it doesn't take anywhere near equal power to disrupt the entertainment value or the

utility of a radio channel. The idea is so preposterous that I'm sure Mr. Rickenbacker meant that frequencies should be up for grabs by anyone willing to pay.

I like the idea of licensing the 80 to 1,000 hertz region. That way I could bid for—we'll call it air time—against, say, Hubert Humphrey and buy five minutes of silence.

New Richmond, Wis.

ROBERT ZILLER

Sugar v. the H-Bomb

Will you please explain the following cryptic sentence from "The Week" [Dec. 6]: "The present price of sugar will save more lives than seat belts, Salk vaccine, and nuclear deterrence put together."

I am completely mystified. The annual per capita consumption of sugar in the U.S.A. is about 100 pounds per year. At 50¢ per pound, it is still one of the cheapest sources of calories. If you are thinking of problems of overeating, it remains to be seen whether the high price will bring about a decline in consumption, since it is better-off people who overeat. Replacement of sugar by saturated fats would increase the risk of arteriosclerosis. Salk vaccine is no longer used; it was replaced long ago by attenuated live virus vaccine after the 1955 debacle. Your powers of clairvoyance may enable you to quantitate nuclear deterrence in terms of lives saved, so let us have the figures, and we nutritionists will weigh them against sugar.

Saccharinaceously yours,

Berkeley, Calif.

THOMAS H. JUKES

LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 109)

nuclear submarines will still be allowed to operate from the Scottish bases.

Newspaper editorials, foreign commentators, and mere harsh facts have sounded the alarm bells continually and increasingly. Inflation accelerating out of control, an utter collapse of the pound (which could happen overnight if the Arabs pulled their money out of London, as, for a queasy moment in that same black week, they seemed on the point of doing), soaring unemployment, a breakup of the United Kingdom, the end of parliamentary democracy in Britain—all have been predicted and none can be dismissed as wholly implausible.

And yet the government is not as unpopular as, in such horrendous circumstances, it might be expected to be and deserves to be. No lightning has struck the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Denis Healey, for saying blandly during the election campaign that the rate of inflation had slowed to 8 per cent. Everybody grumbles, certainly, and there are forebodings about the future:

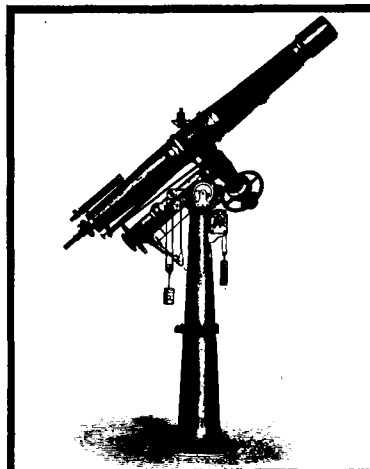
but for the mass of industrial workers, comfortably lodged beneath the umbrella of the big unions, times are still good. They have fat wage packets to spend. Unemployment has been kept artificially low—although layoffs are beginning now. The disappearance of profits, and the collapse of the stock market, have, they think, nothing to do with them. The noise of pop music and football crowds continues to obliterate the creaking of the ice beneath their feet.

The middle classes, and indeed anybody who struggles to make a living independently of the state and of the unions or to survive on a fixed income, are desperately worried. Older people, who remember what Britain used to be, are sickened by what they see going on around them. But the Conservative Party, absorbed in squabbles about what kind of leader and what kind of policies to have, offers neither refuge nor guidance. Nobody has any clear idea what to expect. If what has happened so far—seeing, for example, one's capital dwindle by two-thirds and one's hope of future prosperity vanish—is not a catastrophe, what would a catastrophe be like?

A number of scenarios have been suggested. Runaway inflation, and the incalculable chaos which that would bring, is obviously one. The most popular, at least among Conservatives, is that the Labor government will split, either because a wage freeze will become inevitable (which would drive the leftwingers out) or over the promised referendum to decide if Britain should stay in the European Common Market (which will be a unique event constitutionally and will certainly produce some extraordinary political combinations). The result, however brought about, will be, according to this view, some sort of coalition, or national, government.

In one form or another, this is perhaps the likeliest bet for Britain in 1975, and the most hopeful. Nothing less will stop the decline, arrest the disaster, avert the catastrophe. Of course, it may not happen. The slide may simply continue—but it surely cannot continue indefinitely; somewhere there must be a brink.

This combination of uncertainty, fear, and complacency makes Britain a deeply depressing and uncomfortable place in which to live at the moment. It should also provide a sobering spectacle for other countries which may be headed the same way. □



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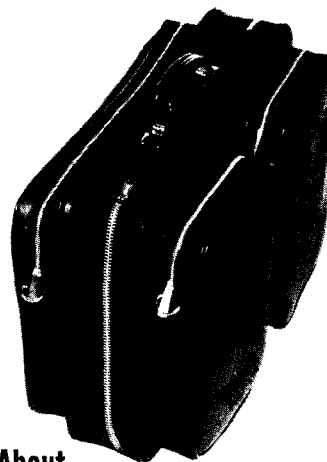
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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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FOOD: INFLATION HEDGE? See page 59, National Review, January 17.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

THE NEW YORK NEWS:

The UN's New "Rules."

Isn't it about time we told the UN to . . . take its circus elsewhere? It is nothing but an obnoxious public nuisance and . . . an increasingly expensive one now that the Assembly is providing a forum for terrorists and murderers who add millions to the security bill American taxpayers . . . foot.

WHY PRESIDENT FORD CAN'T STOP RUNAWAY INFLATION

...Most people are guessing wrong about inflation. President Ford's firmly voiced assurances that inflation will somehow be brought under control have soothed the public into a condition of dreamy complacency. The blizzard of optimistic press releases from the President's economic advisors have served to divert attention from the continuing inflation and its ravaging effects on the quality of your life. But the plain and simple fact of the matter is this: *President Ford is powerless to halt, even to slow, inflation without bringing on an even more severe recession or full-blown depression.*

So what can you expect in the days ahead? Look for the dollar to continue the decline that has lost it 71% of its purchasing value since 1940. Look for any cash you may have in a savings account to lose at least 5% to 10% of its value *after interest* in the next twelve months. If you are invested in common stocks, expect them to do as badly or worse. If you are depending on a pension, annuity or on Social Security for your retirement years expect to be counted among the worst victims of the 1970's inflation. Be prepared for severe fuel, food and other commodity shortages in the months ahead. And if you have not made plans that anticipate the rioting and social turmoil that could grow out of such conditions, understand that you are taking grave risks with your safety and your family's.

Professor Murray N. Rothbard, one of the world's leading free-market economists, and a noted social philosopher, describes the economic prospects for the future in this way:

"What we face nowadays is a recession of a new type: an inflationary recession or depression which combines the worst features of the classic boom and bust. We face periodic declines in production and increases in bankruptcy and unemployment but *along with continuing inflation...* there is nothing more certain in this world than the prospect of continuing inflation in the short-term and the long."

The next few months may offer the last chance you will have to provide for the safety of your family and yourself and to

secure your assets—whether a few thousand or several hundred thousand dollars—against the financial and social storms ahead.

The Inflation Survival Letter

These conditions led the publishers of HUMAN EVENTS, America's most widely read conservative newsweekly, to draw on its vast sources of confidential information in upper circles of government, finance and industry, to publish a newsletter that would not only help you to understand the causes of the present conditions but would also give you *down-to-earth advice* about how to protect your assets in today's inflation-recession climate and show how to provide for the safety of your family in the event of a breakdown of the social order.

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A Sampling from *ISL*

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- **Speculative Versus Solid Inflation Hedges:** (The pros and cons of owning gold and silver coins, silver bullion on margin, gold mining stocks, foreign currencies, currency futures, art objects and antiques, real estate and undeveloped land. Why each may be good or bad for a particular investor and pitfalls to avoid in buying and selling).
- **Small Investor Can Now Buy 9% Treasury Securities**
- **Storing Valuables At Home**
- **Dangers in Australian Gold Shares**
- **How The Coming Credit Collapse Will Affect You**
- **How Inflation and Recession Will Affect Your Pension, Deferred Tax Plan, Trust Fund And Social Security**

- **A Smart Way To Stock Your Freezer Against A Lightning Disaster**
- **Pitfalls And Opportunities In Buying A Home In An Inflationary Climate**
- **Specific Do's And Don'ts on Stock Commodity Options, Margin Buying, Short Selling**
- **Common Sense Guidance on Choosing, Buying, And Stocking A Rural Vacation "Hideaway" In Case Economic Turmoil Brings on Civil Disorder**

ISL in a Nutshell

Here, in a nutshell, are some good sound reasons why you should join *ISL*'s 50,000 subscribers:

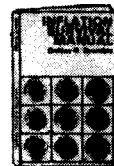
- *ISL* is **fast reading**: a one-stop reference source that organizes vast amounts of facts, how-to-do-it and where-to-find-it information in a compact, easy-to-read format so that you can understand exactly what is happening on the investment and economic front, what is likely to happen tomorrow and what to do about it!
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Gunboats or Else What?

New York, Jan. 14—Of all the reactions to Henry Kissinger's stating of the obvious—that he could not absolutely rule out military action against the Arabs under certain circumstances—my favorite was Moscow's. Tass, the official press agency of the Soviet Union, intoned that "comments abroad on the United States threats show that the times of gunboat diplomacy and intimidation are gone." Tass discovered this some time after Russia's most recent invasion of Czechoslovakia, and some time after laying the keel of the latest Soviet gunboat, which, a careless reading of *Jane's Fighting Ships* suggests, took place this morning, at 8 A.M., Leningrad time.

However, as usual, the Soviet Union managed, through its lies and bluster, to say something oblique and not uninteresting. It was widely noticed that the Soviet Union didn't pounce on Kissinger the moment he used the word "military" and connected it to the Middle East. Instead Moscow followed the technique, in which it is highly practiced, of expressing its own displeasure through profuse quotations of other sources. Arab, principally; but also a number of European newspapers and Left groups. The Soviet Union is not willing, at this moment, to enter so directly into the picture as to make a commitment to oppose military action against the Arab states. It repays thought why this should be so. A few observations:

1. The situation as it currently stands cannot go on. An economic climacteric is inevitable. Now, it will take one of two forms. Either there will be a sharp and concerted reaction against the OPEC nations, with the view to fracturing the cartel. Or, the victims of that cartel will slowly lose their strength, through a form of pernicious anemia resulting from months that stretch into years of irresolution. When enough of our blood has seeped out of our body, we will be too weak to muster the resolution that comes from properly maintained constitutions. You do not face down the bully after spending forty days and nights in the desert fasting.

2. Europe is very close to achieving slobbery, and we are not so very far behind. All of Italy, France, and England could not jointly muster the courage to dill a pickle, if an anti-Pickle-Dilling editorial appeared tomorrow in the *Hanoi Times*. Statesmanship in Europe today is, pure and simple: temporizing. The cloakroom talk of the diplomats who seek to conceal the seediness of their thought by historical urbanity runs approximately as follows: it is only a matter of months, or perhaps a year or two at the most, when Israel will be gone. Either destroyed, or subdivided in such a way as to cease being a major provocation to the Arabs.

At that point, the Arabs will relapse into their traditional squabbles and irresolution, and oil will creep back to a market level. Meanwhile, the Arab world will join in arming itself sufficiently to face down the Soviet Union in any conventional contest; and the American nuclear umbrella will prevent the Soviet Union from being too frisky.

3. The matter with the foregoing is that the death of Israel a) will not be lightly accepted by the moral remnant of mankind; and b) would not solve the important strategic problem. Professor Tucker of Johns Hopkins University, advocating military intervention in the Persian Gulf, announces calmly that the Soviet Union doesn't have the fleet to keep us from doing it. Others—for instance a recent chief of naval operations—are not so confident on the matter.

And no one will stand up and say that, at the rate at which Soviet power is increasing over Western power in the Mediterranean, we could not succeed a few years from now in launching a Boston whaler in the Mediterranean without the permission of Moscow. So that the passage of time works against everything we desire: 1) an immediate end to the capital lesion caused by the preposterous price of oil; 2) an independent Israel in a stabilized Middle East; and 3) a settlement in the area while we are still powerful enough to neutralize the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Union doesn't, in a situation headed so clearly its way, desire

any resumption of cold war antagonisms. Whence the relative blandness of its comments. □

A NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL

New York, Jan. 6—Several years ago a friend of impeccable judgment telephoned to ask me whether I would join him in becoming a lobby. "I have never been a lobby before," my friend said, who specializes in knowing everything about everything, and in reaching sound conclusions; nor had I, so we thought that the experience would be good for us. The idea was to get somebody in particular named to the Supreme Court.

The principal contender, at that moment, was Senator Robert Byrd, about whom my friend and I were unenthusiastic as a prospective member of the Supreme Court. But the apparent enthusiasm for him in the White House suggested that President Nixon was prepared at least to consider a Democrat: indeed, a fairly partisan Democrat, Senator Byrd serving as whip for his party in the Senate. It suggested, also, that youthful indiscretions would not prove to be strategic disqualifications. After all, Mr. Nixon had not long before nominated Harrold Carswell, who in his inflamed twenties had made one of those fairly routine white supremacy statements they used to make in the Deep South. Robert Byrd had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan in his benighted youth; but so had Hugo Black, who went on to serve for years and years in the Court to the jubilation of the liberal community until, toward the end, he began to understand the Constitution, whereafter he lost a little favor. It happened that our man had a skeleton in his closet. My friend and I assigned each other research tasks.

I began by telephoning a trusted journalist of academic inclination in the home town of our nominee for the Supreme Court, and he visited the newspaper's morgue, and came back to me in an hour or so, summarizing its contents. "Is there evidence there," I asked, "of intensive Democratic activity?" No, there wasn't. Way back,

On The Right

there was some reference to him in some formal document or other as a "Democrat." But in a more recent interview, he had referred to himself as an "independent." He had not, in brief, taken active partisan political positions: he had just done his work, as a lawyer, then as dean of the law school, then as president of the college.

While dean, he had written several scholarly legal articles of stunning quality. And, by inflection, these were highly critical of the Warren Court's flights into constitutional weightlessness. As a lawyer, he appeared to be solidly committed to the notion of judicial prudence, and respect for legislative authority.

He had come to my own attention during the crazy years, in the late 1960s, when it became his turn to face the usual student disruption. He had handled it in a way that turned out to be unique. When the student rebels took over the ritual building, he declined to call in the police to pull them out. Instead, he laid gentle siege around the building, interdicting all traffic; and he ordered the students and faculty to resume orderly college life. After a week or ten days of occupation, the student trespassers, having previously ignored invitations to cease and desist and return to work, began to ooze out of the building—nothing is more boring than occupying a building without the comforts of home, and with nobody seeming to care very much, no crowds outside, no television, no deans on bended knee. But as they came out they found notices waiting for them. They were simple notices of—expulsion. E-x-p-u-l-s-i-o-n. They could not believe the evidence before their eyes! But it was altogether clear, and altogether implacable. The students left the University of Chicago and never came back. And President Edward Levi returned calmly to the business of education, and never again, though there were three years left to go before the crazies were subdued in the rest of the country, did he have any more trouble with students taking over his buildings. No wonder he opposes the Supreme Court's ban on capital punishment.

MY FRIEND and I failed to bring Mr. Levi to the Supreme Court, but imagine my surprise that he is now being considered for Attorney General by Mr. Nixon's successor. And my chagrin that my old friends and mentors, Senators Tower and Hruska, should be unenthusiastic—largely, as I understand it, because the young Edward Levi was so incautious as to join the National Lawyers Guild, an outfit influenced by

the Commies which beguiled a lot of young lawyers. After all, it is the *function* of a Communist front to deceive, and no one has ever said about the National Lawyers Guild that it wasn't successful—they got Levi; but oh so briefly, in the Thirties, about the time King Brewster and Fred Rodell and Philip Jessup and Chester Bowles were starting up the America First Committee. I would beg my brothers' reconsideration in re Levi, a hell of a man, a scholar, a friend and soulmate of Milton Friedman, and just what we need right now in the Justice Department. □

ANGLICAN AGONY

New York, Jan. 16
—As a Catholic, I have abandoned hope for the liturgy, which, in the typical American church, is as ugly and as maladroit as if it had been composed by Robert Ingersoll and H. L. Mencken for the purpose of driving people away. Incidentally, the modern liturgists are doing a remarkably good job, attendance at Catholic Mass on Sunday having dropped sharply in the ten years since a few, well-meaning cretins got hold of the power to vernacularize the Mass, and the money to scour the earth in search of the most unmusical men and women to preside over the translation. The next liturgical ceremony conducted primarily for my benefit, since I have no plans to be beatified or remarried, will be my funeral; and it is a source of great consolation to me that, at my funeral, I shall be quite dead, and will not need to listen to the accepted replacement for the noble old Latin liturgy. Meanwhile, I am practicing Yoga so that, at church on Sunday, I can develop the power to tune out everything I hear, while attempting, athwart the general calisthenics, to commune with my Maker, and ask Him first to forgive me my own sins, and implore Him, second, not to forgive the people who ruined the Mass.

Now the poor Anglicans are coming in for it. I am not familiar with their service, but I am with their Book of Common Prayer. To be unfamiliar with it is as though one were unfamiliar with *Hamlet*, or the *Iliad*, or the *Divine Comedy*. It has, of course, theological significance for Episcopalians and their fellow travelers. But it has a cultural significance for the entire English-speaking world. It was brought together, for the most part, about four hundred years ago, when for reasons no one has been able to explain, the little island of England produced the greatest literature in history. G. K. Chesterton wrote about it: "It is the one positive posses-

sion, and attraction . . . the masterpiece of Protestantism; the one magnet and talisman for people even outside the Anglican Church, as are the great Gothic cathedrals for people outside the Catholic Church."

What are they doing to it? Well, there is one of those commissions. It is sort of retranslating it. As it now stands, for instance, there are the lines: "We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done." That kind of thing—noble, cadenced, pure as the psalmist's water—becomes: "We have not loved you [get that: *you*, not *thee*; next time around, one supposes it will be: "We haven't loved you, man"] with our whole heart, we have not loved our neighbors as ourselves." "Lead us not into temptation" becomes "Do not bring us to the test."

WELL, if the good Lord intends not to bring his Anglican flock to the test, He will not test it on this kind of stuff. As it is, Anglicanism is a little shaky, having experienced about a hundred years earlier than Roman Catholicism some of the same kind of difficulties. I revere my Anglican friends, and highly respect their religion, but it is true that it lends itself to such a pasquinade as Auberon Waugh's, who wrote recently: "In England we have a curious institution called the Church of England. . . . Its strength has always lain in the fact that on any moral or political issue it can produce such a wide divergence of opinion that nobody—from the Pope to Mao Tse-tung—can say with any confidence that he is not an Anglican. Its weaknesses are that nobody pays much attention to it and very few people attend its functions."

And it is true that in a pathetic attempt to attract attention, the Anglicans, and indeed many other Protestants, and many Catholics, absorb themselves in secular matters. "The first Anglicans," Chesterton once wrote, "asked for peace and happiness, truth and justice; but nothing can stop the latest Anglicans, and many others, from the horrid habit of asking for improvement in international relations." International relations having taken a noticeable turn for the worse in the generation since Chesterton made this observation, one can only hope the Anglicans will reject any further attempt to vitiate their line of communion with our Maker. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A sacrifice consumed by fire	4 172 61 193 18 189 89 111 212
B. Pleasantries accompanying prayer	12 1 107 36 62 20 141 124 131
C. Food supplies	82 37 173 3 133 206 100 202
D. The office of a bishop	87 140 151 201 205 210 160 162 166 171
E. Fellowmen	128 174 177 85 102 105 24 90 134
F. Another term for Dunkers	197 108 204 7 73 138 103 25
G. Where a ship's topsides and deck meet	222 194 63 120 74 199 209
H. What Hamlet said the time is	225 19 32 43 152 132 146 167 176 178
I. Stimulated	44 179 121 39 112 185 125
J. Limited	97 27 54 180 42 188
K. A denomination that keeps the Sabbath	144 137 94 56 28 143 217 208 183
L. Involving more than one country	130 14 21 30 41 47 52 65 83 88 150 155 195
M. Struck repeatedly	135 58 9 148 219 113 198 223
N. Buildings where tropical plants are grown at high temperatures	144 45 115 184 104 29 218 10 91

O. Willing to run for office	149 109 136 220 70 214 203 93 59
P. City near Danbury, Conn.	164 95 161 153 33 192 76
Q. The last taxes an Englishman pays	196 5 22 26 51 57 69 75 127 145 163
R. What the husband said when his wife dyed her hair red	64 77 117 110 84 168 175
S. Small weights	66 46 221 187 78 11
T. The sultan's footstool	68 50 169 126 34 60 181
U. A female member of the peerage	79 207 15 154 200 71 96
V. Two things that cannot be controlled	116 16 129 92 101 122 190 157 226 6 13 23 40 49
W. How a live meat animal is described	139 142 53 170 98 213 165 186 211
X. What Tonga's flags have in one corner	158 8 48 147 224 2 31 38 55 67
Y. Units of power	182 35 17 159 86 118 72 156 80
Z. Magazine with which Henry L. Mencken was associated	191 216 81 123 119 106 99 215

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 124 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1	B	2	X	3	C	4	A	5	Q	6	V	7	F	8	X	9	H	10	N	11	S	12	B	13	V	14	L	15	U	16	V	17	Y
18	A	19	H	20	B	21	L	22	Q	23	V	24	E	25	F	26	Q	27	J	28	K	29	N	30	L	31	X	32	H	33	P	34	T
35	Y	36	B	37	C	38	X	39	I	40	V	41	L	42	J	43	H	44	I	45	N	46	S	47	L	48	X	49	V	50	T	51	Q
52	L	53	W	54	J	55	X	56	K	57	Q	58	H	59	O	60	T	61	A	62	B	63	G	64	R	65	L	66	S	67	X		
68	T	69	Q	70	O	71	U	72	Y	73	F	74	G	75	Q	76	P	77	R	78	S	79	U	80	Y	81	Z	82	C	83	L	84	R
85	E	86	Y	87	D	88	L	89	A	90	E	91	N	92	V	93	O	94	K	95	P	96	U	97	J	98	W	99	Z	100	C		
101	V	102	E	103	F	104	N	105	E	106	Z	107	B	108	F	109	O	110	R	111	A	112	I	113	M	114	K	115	N	116	V	117	R
118	Y	119	Z	120	G	121	I	122	V	123	Z	124	B	125	I	126	T	127	Q	128	E	129	V	130	L	131	B	132	H				
133	C	134	E	135	M	136	O	137	K	138	F	139	W	140	D	141	B	142	W	143	K	144	N	145	Q	146	H	147	X				
148	M	149	O	150	L	151	D	152	H	153	P	154	U	155	L	156	Y	157	V	158	X	159	Y	160	D	161	P	162	D	163	Q		
164	P	165	W	166	D	167	H	168	R	169	T	170	W	171	D	172	A	173	C	174	E	175	R	176	H	177	E						
178	H	179	I	180	J	181	T	182	Y	183	K	184	N	185	I	186	W	187	S	188	J	189	A	190	V	191	Z	192	P	193	A	194	G
195	L	196	Q	197	F	198	H	199	G	200	U	201	D	202	C	203	O	204	F	205	D	206	C	207	U	208	K	209	G				
211	W	212	A	213	W	214	O	215	Z	216	Z	217	K	218	N	219	H	220	O	221	S	222	G	223	N	224	X	225	H	226	V		

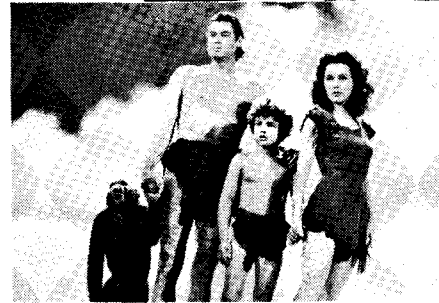


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